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ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

DISPUTATIONS.

WE are not writing a novel, and never attempted plot or counter-plot in our lives, but are portraying certain phases of human life and character, and might perhaps more appropriately have denominated them Heart-pictures. The details of family affairs have little interest for outside observers, and are nearly the same in all, with the variation which slight circumstances give, and the tints which variety in character bestow.

The little boy 'grew into jacket and trowsers' by all the usual processes which confer this dignity upon the young aspirants of such honors, and his wonder over the little sister who usurped his place in the cradle and the nurse's arms, was manifested as wonder is usually manifested on such important occasions. He asked a hundred times a day, 'What can it mean?' and 'How came she there?' and my 'new-fangled notions,' as Aunt Ida called them, were put to another severe test, when she insisted upon silencing the little inquirer by the common and vulgar falsehoods which are the almost universal resort of mother and maid in similar emergencies.

'There is no other way,' she declared; 'every body does. What can we do? Surely you would not have him told the truth? He will not remember.'

'Do you not remember the stories which were told you, and also the impressions you received, and supposing there were no alternative, do you think the truth could possibly be more corrupting than these falsehoods? Beside, they are not believed, and only send them to pursue their inquiries where they arrive at more satisfactory results.'

'What would you say, then, that should be adapted to their understandings, and still be true?'

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'I would bid them wait till I thought proper to satisfy their curiosity. I do not believe that a knowledge that is universal, concerning relationships holy and Heaven-ordained, is unfit even for the ears of children. What a strange morality it is that condemns falsehood as so debasing a vice, yet makes it necessary to delicacy and purity! Children are not long in observing that Christian mothers have told them what was not true, and they are philosophers very early in attempting to solve the problem, why what is right in one case should be wrong in another. They must be punished for following an example which it is thought necessary to set them, and very well I remember the reasoning process of which I was guilty, that probably what was wicked for children was right for grown-up people, and I looked at some good old ladies, and thought: 'When I am as old as they, I can tell lies.'

'The children of different families compare what is told them in each, and it requires no great precocity to see that so many versions of the same events cannot be correct.'

But still Aunt Ida thought I was growing 'strangely altered;' she never saw any body before who was so particular. She never heard the minister say any thing about it, and surely he would if it were something so terrible.

I did not attempt to answer her in this matter, though I might have told her that ministers were in the habit of preaching about things in general, too liberally concluding that the particular application would not fail to be made. As one of them has wisely said: 'Preaching against sin in general, thus leading men to complain of the evil in their hearts, while, at the same time, they are awfully inattentive to the evil of their conduct!' It is only sins of great magnitude and dignity that are worthy of being particularized.

We had, to spend the winter with us, a young lady, who would be called in fashionable parlance a 'splendid girl,' and in the parlance of another class, a 'finished coquette.' 'Coquetry was a lady's privilege,' she asserted, 'a right she should maintain when she is awarded so few.' It was one which she, at least, exercised without scruple. She came to the city to display her charms, in the hope of securing her permanent interest, and I was expected to assist in 'showing her off.' She was a brunette, with an oval face, and cheeks upon which the blush deepened into the rich tints that bloom in perfection among the dark beauties of the East. She was tall and well proportioned, and had in her air and stately step the consciousness of power, and in her flashing eye, the glance of the charmer as well as that which says, Beware!

In a family where there were two girls to 'marry off,' and neither of them engaged, she might have been considered quite a formidable rival. But the coquetry which she was at liberty to practise all to herself, as neither Mary nor Madeline had any gifts or inclinations that way, rendered her quite satisfied with her companions, and the consideration that in serious proposals the great variety of tastes leaves little room for rivalry, and threatens but little danger to conflicting interests, served as a quietus to the minds of all.

Though pronouncing me a great deal too particular in some things, Aunt Ida thought I was far from being particular enough in others.

She did not approve of young ladies receiving the calls of gentlemen every evening, any more than the setting up of nights of the servants, and balls and parties were in her eyes a great waste of time and money.

'What should they be doing?' said I; 'they cannot spend all their time reading and sewing; and if they could, it might not render them more useful or interesting. You must concede that they are not indolent, but perform a commendable amount of labor, both at home and in society. The social powers are not the less the gift of Heaven than those of manual labor, and must be cultivated.'

'But they need n't go into great crowds in order to be social, and dress themselves up gay, and dance.'

'They need not, perhaps; but we are more likely to find some one we like to talk with among many than few, and I have not observed that the conversation is less edifying where there are fifty of an evening, all gayly dressed, than it used to be in our country village where five met together of an afternoon in home-spun. People cannot always talk seriously nor to edification. As for gayety of one kind or another, I could never discover any sin in it. There is a great difference between making amusement the business and making it the diversion of life.'

'You must think it wrong to waste and misspend time?'

'To be sure, but some people think there is only one way of doing it, while it is impossible for the strongest and most healthy person to spend more than six hours a day in a way which they would call profitable, without serious injury. Moroseness and morbid irritability are inevitably the sins of those who live in solitude, and give themselves up to their own reveries.'

'Well,' exclaimed the good lady, weary of being always on the wrong side, 'I hope you have n't come to think coquetry an innocent amusement.'

'No, I shall agree with you, however severe your condemnation of this art; it is both wicked and vulgar to the last degree. But it is one of those little follies which the grave pass by as beneath the dignity of the censor, and being left for novelists to portray, escapes the notice of a large class who pass by novels with equal contempt.'

At this period of our conversation, Mary and Julia entered the nursery, and the latter entered into the discussion by saying:

'You would have ministers preach about love and matrimony and kindred sins, I suppose. What a coming down from his high estate it would be for Parson G — to commence talking to young gentlemen and ladies about love. I should expect to see Deacon S — and good dame C — with their hair on end in great consternation.'

To which Mary answered: 'They had none of them too much dignity to fall in love, and I never yet saw any body so dignified as not to delight to revel in love-stories. I see no reason why obligations and duties so universal and important should not be preached about. The Scriptures are given us for 'doctrine, reproof, and correction' in all things, and give us plenty of facts and comments upon this subject. Why, then, should it be a forbidden one to those who are ordained its expounders and interpreters? If there is a murder in the community,

or a theft, or Christian people are known to indulge in gambling or theatre-going, the minister does not hesitate to reprove, and the church to discipline. But not only trifling, but perjury and slander may go unrebuked when the heart, only, suffers. 'It is best to let these things alone, and hush them as soon as possible,' exclaim very good people, and therefore they stalk abroad in the land. Romances are left to teach morality on these points, and though they perform the task very well, it might do no harm to give them a little aid.'

'Well, you have made quite a speech for a modest young lady,' said Julia. 'Who would have thought you were so interested in blighted hopes and ruined affections? You evidently believe in the existence of such commodities, though I do not. A very weak lady she must be who would die for the love of any man.'

'I do not consider it any proof of weakness,' said Mary. 'Those are rather to be called weak who have no more depth than when, thwarted or disappointed in an affection which was found to constitute the happiness of a life, parts with it without regret. But it is not love which is thus easily resigned. Those are not capable of it who have no more feeling.'

'I might feel, but I should be too proud to betray it.'

'I have seen those,' said Mary, 'as proud as yourself, and with something stronger and better than pride to sustain them, cast down and utterly destroyed, as far as usefulness was concerned, by a broken heart; and had my respect for them increased rather than diminished.'

'But you know very well that from the world a woman meets with nothing but scorn in such a trial, and she might as well have committed a crime, for all any sympathy she receives.'

'It is only the vulgar who judge in that way, and neither their pity nor sympathy would be a very soothing balm if it were bestowed.'

'The vulgar make up the majority in the world, and you are obliged to meet them; it is quite useless, and only affectation, to pretend to be indifferent to their opinions.'

'I would not be indifferent to the opinion of any person in the world, but I want neither the pity nor admiration of the multitude. If I am afflicted I would wish for the sympathy of those I love, and it can be only a few whose society is really valuable at any time. But it is very easy to talk; experience only can teach us what we should do under any circumstances.'

'You seem quite subdued,' said Julia; 'one would think you had actually been bitten. You must at least have felt a little touch of the tender passion.'

'And supposing I have, is it to be ridiculed?'

'Oh! no. I tender you my sincerest compassion. Pray, who is the lucky swain, who is sighing and dying for such a prize; for I will not suspect you of the folly of indulging in unrequited love?'

'Julia!' exclaimed Mary in accents of stern reproach, 'when will you cease to trifle? You will learn some day, I fear, to recoil from your own sting.'

'Your fear is not a disguised hope, I trust!'

‘No, I should be sorry to see your own weapons turned against you. But I wish you could learn, without any bitter lesson, to be frank and serious in serious things.’

‘You would have a young lady in love talk about it as she would about going to church, I suppose. Come then, I am willing to be confessor; let’s hear how proper young ladies manage such delicate affairs.’

‘I am not in love, and never was, and nobody was ever in love with me, if you can’t rest till I tell you the truth.’

‘Now, as if you expected any body to believe such a story — that you had never had an offer!’

‘I did not say that.’

‘But you implied it, unless you think men are in the habit of offering themselves to those to whom they are indifferent.’

‘I certainly think it is often done, but I am not at liberty to speak of offers; these are the secrets of others, not mine. If I were in love I should think it my own to reveal or not as I chose.’

‘You are very conscientious. For my part, I see no harm in making it known that we are not so anxious to be married as to ‘jump at the first chance,’ as half the world thinks, and as men are always sneering. I think it does them good to be humbled a little. A man is not fit to be married till he has been refused three times. This brings him to a proper estimation of his importance; so out of pure benevolence, I like to bring them to my feet, and then help them to rise out of their humiliation. Then I make known my golden opportunities, so that when I come to the uncertain age, unmarried, it may be known to the gossips that it is not owing to lack of appreciation.’

It was impossible to help smiling at her rhodomontade, and also not to find a little excuse for a vain girl in the world’s thoughtless and wicked sneers, and we were scarcely relieved from this disputation when another was excited by a remark from Aunt Ida, which was quite a common one with her, and which we have heard and read ten thousand times in our life.

Madeline was not a favorite with her, and her peculiarities were continually disturbing her equanimity. On the present occasion, in tones more than usually emphatic, she exclaimed:

‘I never saw any thing so stupid. You will be an old maid, as true as the world, you are so odd and so fussy.’

‘And what if she is?’ I asked; ‘will it be a fault for which she is to be condemned?’

‘Why, we never do take a fancy to such girls. She has no show off to her. If a gentleman calls, she acts as if she were paralyzed, and is a perfect prude — a real old maid.’

‘Dear Aunt Ida, you must excuse me if I say I think this a most wicked and unwomanly way of talking to young ladies.’

‘Dear me, and what don’t you think wicked now-a-days? You have strangely altered, coming to the city. You did not use to talk so.’

‘I have learned strange things coming to the city, and have had many experiences to give me new views of life, and especially of

woman's life. Beside, whatever I might have thought, I should not have spoken them. I am married now, and this you know gives one new privileges. Once had I spoken as freely as I do now, our kind neighbors would have exclaimed, 'Sour grapes,' and that fearing the solitary state myself, I had become its advocate or apologist. Therefore, however wise and true my opinions, it would have done no good to speak them. But it was only the other day that you were shocked at a certain custom of society, which gave young ladies the appearance of wishing to get married. What can they do with your contrary advice, not to seem to desire marriage, and yet feel the deepest disgrace in not attaining it ?'

'Why, they can ——'

'They can what ?'

'Why they need n't ——'

'Need n't what ?'

But I waited in vain for an answer. It is often difficult to give a reason for the most positively asserted opinions, or justify oft-repeated advice. She was evidently confused and did not speak. And I said to her: 'I will tell you one of the consequences of talking in that way which came under my observation. One of the young ladies of a large family was less agreeable and attractive than her sisters. They had lovers and she had none, and as is often the case, those of her own family manifested that her want of beauty depreciated her value in their eyes. She heard it continually ringing in her ears, that she would be 'the old maid,' and they should always have to support her. The others were married, and patiently and kindly she toiled 'to fit them out.' Her heart was heavy, for it is a sorrow which a neglected woman alone can understand, to be constantly reminded of deficiencies for which there can be no blame, except in Him who made her. She was not bright and happy, and her parents did not love her, and she knew and keenly felt that she was in the way; that they wished to get rid of her. So she said to herself: 'A life of sin brings no more reproach. I will go where the bitter taunt cannot reach me, at least where those whose duty it is to soften my misfortunes cannot trample upon me.' So she went deliberately forth to seek refuge among those who repulse none from their doors! Sought refuge from father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, who made her home hateful and her life wretched. When she was gone, how they mourned her degeneracy and felt themselves afflicted by her ingratitude. Whose sin was greatest in this matter ?'

'Is it true ?' said the good lady in a mournful tone.

'It is true, Aunt Ida, and not true of one only, but many, as I could prove to you from the annals of every crowded city. It is a low and vulgar way of talking, and leads, in young girls' minds, who have nothing to do but dream and think, to trains of thought which blight their innocence, and when hundreds of Christian mothers have corrupted their daughters in this way, and they consequently find them early filled with all manner of evil imaginings, they wonder where they learned what they have been so careful to hide from them.'

For the first time I succeeded in bringing my friend to think seriously upon a subject which she had considered without reference to consequences, and never again heard her impatience explode in a similar way.

I had as long and serious arguments with my husband, to convince him of the necessity of investing for his daughters a sum, to be held in their own right, sufficient to give them independence and relieve them from all fear of being homeless and friendless, and from the feeling of compulsion to marry in order to be settled. But I had not the same satisfactory result. He could not understand any thing about this fuss concerning women, and above all, could not see any danger likely to fall upon his girls. When they were married, as of course they would be, he could portion them handsomely, and that was all they needed. It was no use setting women up with property. They knew nothing about managing it, and it was better that they should be dependent upon their husbands.'

'But if they should have no husbands?'

'Of course they will. Women always get married, at least they should. These new notions that women should take care of themselves, are all nonsense.'

'Girls of rich fathers are almost sure to be blessed with husbands. I have known many who congratulated themselves on being chosen for their superior attractions, who owed their good fortune entirely to the prospect of a few thousand dollars. Would you like to have your daughters sold in that way?'

'Of course not, but it is impossible to live without money, and women are so extravagant now-a-days that it takes a pretty round sum to support a wife. I do not wonder men like to get a little with her who is to quadruple their expenses.'

'Is it always the women who like to live in elegance and luxury? Who is it in your house that values most the style of living and dressing in which we are indulged? Who would feel most depressed and humiliated if misfortune should oblige us to seek a humbler home? Men are influenced by the pride which covets success, if not wealth, and wish to have the applause which attends him who is known as a man of fortune. The extent of a man's wealth is judged by the establishment he is able to keep, and it is quite as often his fault as that of the ladies of his household, when they rush into extravagance and live beyond their means. But when girls are married, it does no harm for them to have a little sum all their own to fall back upon in case of misfortune, or resort to if her husband prove miserly, for it is only time that proves character in those things which most affect the happiness of both.'

'I shall not give a fortune to my girls. They must marry men who will make their own, and then they will know how to value it. It is better, too, for them to begin as I did, and climb the ladder slowly.'

'This is true; but is it not cruel to educate children in a luxurious style of living, which becomes necessary from habit, and then send them forth with extravagant tastes and small means? I see no harm in a

young man's marrying a lady with a fortune, who is willing to bestow it upon him, if he is capable of taking care of it ; even then, I would have a little kept in reserve.'

'If I gave to a daughter a fortune, I would secure it all to her, so that her husband could neither manage nor spend it,' exclaimed my husband with some warmth.

'I would not,' was my reply, which infinitely surprised him. 'A man who is not the administrator of his own pecuniary affairs, in every respect the head of his household, is degraded. A woman who marries a man, believing him to be so imbecile or so unworthy of trust that she is not willing to confide to him the management of her fortune, has degraded herself. If she has so great a desire to rule that she prefers to be sole arbiter in her own proper department, and also in that of her husband, she has no right to be married, and a man must be less than the ninth part of a man who will sell himself by such a bargain.'

'Why not give him the whole if he is to have the largest part ?'

'She should have a little portion for herself, which is very different from managing the whole for herself and him too. Would you like to come to me for a check of a hundred dollars every time you wished it ? or would you like to receive from me so much perquisites instead of giving it me ? I assure you such an arrangement would be more disagreeable to me than to you. If I manage well my household, it is enough, and there is sufficient room for the exercise of all my good gifts.

'There are many professions in which men engage for the love of art and science, in which they cannot get rich. If love only accompany the gift, we see no better use a woman can make of her fortune than confer it on one whose only reward is honor for his toil. I would say as a noble woman once did to her husband, 'You have conferred upon me honor and the highest happiness ; it is no degradation to receive from me riches ;' and when through misfortune he had lost all, she still said without regret : 'I am honored and happy.'

But though my eloquence was freely acknowledged, it did not procure me the boon I asked. When the girls married there would be time to think about the dowries, and the money could be used to better advantage while kept in the circulation of active business, than in a dead investment. So being a woman and having, therefore, no control of funds, I was obliged to yield. I perhaps did not plead as earnestly as I should, had I not felt the utmost security myself. There did not seem a possibility of failure, and I had no doubt the promise would be fulfilled when the occasion came. But my husband, like all fathers, was more anxious to leave wealth to his son than competence to his daughters.

The son would bear his name, and that he should have with it an inheritance, was something that seemed to him a right. Not to do it, would also be a neglect of duty on his part, and I could plainly see it was an idea that fostered his pride. He should still live in his son, and be the founder of a name — a family.

A F A B L E I N R H Y M E .

A FABLE in rhyme, purchased (regardless of expense) for the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE of the administrator of the late G. S — x.

A QUADRUPEd that boasted noble ears
And larynx resonant as a bassoon,
A sturdy brute, that drowned the cockney jeers
Of wits and critics with a hideous tune,
That might have put to rout a horde of savages,
Stood tied to JONES's cart eating his evening cabbages.

Far in the western sky the crimson flags
Drooped from the bastions of JOVE's Malakoffs:
The grim guns slept, that erst with thund'rous brags
Bellowed a god's defiance, when with scoffs
And shouts profane the Titan's rude banditti
Clambered the mountain peaks t' assault the cloud-based city.

Lo! MERCURY, (who cuffs like shuttle-cocks
Down to the Styx all democratic strangers
Who dare in yellow waistcoats and black stocks
Stride into the Junonian ante-chambers,)
The herald of great JOVE, unto the brute
Came from the skies and bowed with courtliest salute.

'O noble lord! most musical and wise
Of all mammiferous quadrupeds,' he said;
'From yonder cloudy city of the skies,
I come to thee — yea, from the presence dread
Of JOVE himself and his celestial minions,
And bring, illustrious Prince, to thee these silvern pinions.

'For thus with words most weighty,' said great ZEUS,
'PEGASTUS has grown old, and blind, and lame.
Upon my word, there's not an aged goose
But puts his feeble flutterings to shame;
The very crows do shrewdly follow him
When on the aery sea he vainly tries to swim.

'Put him upon my pension rolls to-day,
Ten thousand crowns a year, one hundred grooms,
And twenty meadows in Arcadia:
And take, my son, these wings of silver plumes,
By Phoenix moulted, and with instant haste
Run to the earth and bear the gift to yonder beast.

'To that most noble slave whom there you see
Basely haltered to a churl's vile cart,
Who all the day in servile drudgery
Hath hauled rank onions to the neighboring mart;
Go free the princely serf, untie the tether:
No more his back shall feel the clown's tyrannic leather.

“For none of all the beasts that walk the earth,
 Nor the red CÆSAR of the Nubian sands,
 Nor elephant, that bears his mighty girth
 Before world-wasting Mogul's conquering bands,
 Possess such valor, wit, or noble pride
 As dwells within that peerless donkey's grizzled hide.

“Bid him disdain earth's bramble-bearing sods;
 The bondage of ignoble gardeners;
 Henceforth the winged courser of the gods,
 He shall outstrip the laggard meteors;
 And while he speeds the starry course along,
 Shall pour like Phoenix from mid-air his mighty song.

“No more on road-side thistles shall he feed,
 No more seek solace in rank garden roots;
 Ambrosial lilies from th' Elysian mead,
 Arcadian melons and Hesperian fruits,
 Shall heap his golden crib: meanwhile, as grooms
 The tuneful Nine shall rake his ribs with pearly combs.”

Thus MERCURY harangued with gestures splendid,
 With grace Olympian and tropes celestial.
 The hungry ass, with ears agog, attended,
 But ne'er forgot his cabbages terrestrial
 Amid the stream of rhetoric divine:
 And thus replied to him in jargon asinine:

‘I've often to the public said, Sir HERMES,
 PEGASUS is a poor old dromedary,
 Of doubtful wind and tender epidermis:
 Fitter to knock upon the head and bury,
 Than send skylarking 'mong the moons above:
 In this respect my views agree with those of JOVE.

‘I ne'er have risen from the firm ground, higher
 Than yonder garden picket-fence. Alack!
 JONES saw the flight, rushed forth with fiendish ire,
 And with atrocious cudgels bruised my back.
 I barely snatched one vegetable trophy,
 Then fled, while JONES behind swore a victorious strophe.

‘And, by-the-by, I pray thee, my good cousin,
 Betwixt those garden pickets sily reach,
 And steal of those young turnips half-a-dozen;
 That base curmudgeon JONES would sooner twitch
 The carrotty hairs from his MATILDA's head,
 Than pluck one of those tender turnips from its bed.’

‘Thou only hast to wish, most noble Earl,’
 MERCURIUS said, and with his cunning'st art
 Ravished the treasures of the stingy churl
 And poured the tempting turnips in the cart.
 The ass fell to with royal appetite,
 And thus again discoursed betwixt Elysian bites.

'Had it but pleased great JUPITER to use
My various talents in some other way,
As judge, field-marshal, or male grace, or muse,
First trumpet in th' Olympian orchestra,
Or speaker of the house of Demigods,
Rather than rank me with the vagrant asteroids.

'Or had it pleased him that I should declaim
Before th' assembled gods a weekly lecture
On taste, the drama, science of the brain,
Or music, surgery, or architecture,
It would have seemed a better adaptation
To my peculiar bent of mind and inclination.

'But since his Highness orders me to try
My speed and bottom on the starry course,
I beg to hope, sweet MERCURY, that I,
As well at least as that half-fowl, half-horse,
PEGASUS, can out-soar the scudding clouds,
And load the vagrant breezes with my lyric odes.

'For though my bronchial tubes have lately grown
A trifle delicate, I still can marshal
Voice to pipe a middling baritone :
So I'm assured, by friends perhaps too partial,
When my own compositions I've produced
To importuning friends who would not be refused.'

Then did MERCURIUS, with golden buckles,
Fasten the wings of Phoenix to the brute.
The ass received the belt with eager chuckles,
Gnawed the base halter, and with spiteful foot
Kicked o'er the cart, whereat curmudgeon JONES
Came from the cottage-door to bruise rebellious GRIZZLE'S bones.

'Ha ! base-born, onion-eating wretch !' the ass,
Flapping his wings, cried out with accents furious.
'Com'st thou with hickory cudgel to harass,
Infamous clown, this famous god MERCURIUS,
And me, who, from a wingless chrysalis,
Do now sprout forth a full-fledged bird of Paradise ?

'Get thee some other drudge, audacious knave,
To help thee do thy filthy marketing !
Henceforth am I no cheating huckster's slave :
But spurning the vile earth, on glorious wing
I rise to chant for ears celestial, odes,
And run, a singing meteor on starry roads.'

Then, braying like a batt'ry of trombones,
And lashing like a dragon his long tail,
He rose in air ; one vulture swoop at JONES
He gave, who sank on 's knees with terror pale :
Then soared aloft with evolutions grand,
And, like a water-spout, his song burst on the land.

And all the startled populace of earth
 Ran out of doors to see the flying jackass.
 Some fell in fits, while others roared with mirth :
 And puzzled Science, peering through her spy-glass,
 Shook her wise head, and with her wise mouth muttered
 Things too unutterable to be uttered.

Even the gods broke up their parliament,
 Though on the floor stood eloquent APOLLO,
 And to the outer walls in bright throngs went
 And gazed in wonder down the world's vast hollow :
 But ne'er a learned muse, from song to history,
 Could guess the genus of the phoenix-feathered mystery.

For ne'er did such a braying Phoenix raise
 His song infernal o'er the world's broad plains :
 Not even in those geologic days
 When alligators passed for lambs ; when cranes
 And stilted herons were accounted snipe,
 And PAN to dancing pachyderms played on his pipe.

Some said it was a pelican of Styx,
 Hurried to day-light by cross CERBERUS ;
 And pelted the queer fowl with stones and bricks :
 And in his hat left one brick of the muss.
 But all the louder brayed th' exulting brute ;
 He thought it was a complimentary salute.

But JOVE, with broad grin and a half-choked chuckle,
 Stood in the rear of the celestial folk ;
 And soon the whisper ran around the circle,
 ' His royal Highness has been pleased to joke : '
 And th' immortals, as in duty bound,
 Made, at the hint, the heavens with loud laughter sound.

And JOVE thus spoke when the gay throng grew quiet :
 ' Ye all good gentlemen and ladies fair,
 Do know, that with hard driving and poor diet,
 PEGASUS has become but fit to scare
 Crows from a corn-field. See his piteous bones,
 His hollow flanks, his hoofs knocked up by cruel stones.

' I never saw or knew such maniacs
 As this new tribe of poets. Once in saddle,
 They scurry o'er the plain with whoops and whacks,
 Like Indians at a dog-roast : yell wild twaddle ;
 Perform fantastic pranks and circus feats ;
 And soon will kill PEGASUS with their ten-mile heats.

' So I have manufactured a fast crab,
 Expressly for this neck-or-nothing gentry :
 I'll add perhaps a tiger and a cab :
 'T will be a turn-out suited to the century.
 Unto Arcadia let HERMES lead
 Ill-used PEGASUS in fair pasture-lands to feed.'

J O H N ' S W I F E .

BY W. W. HOWE.

I WAS sitting the other evening with my friend John at his own dinner-table. His wife had just left us to our coffee — neither of us drink much wine — and we were both musing pleasantly, as men are apt to do after a good dinner. All at once I thought of John's wife — a right pleasant subject — who, as I said before, had just left us. I suppose she went to hush the uproar of her blessed baby.

A most lovable woman is John's wife, with a pretty name — Nelly, and an eye as clear as a trout-brook, and a face so full of beautiful honor and truth that I never tire of looking at it, and find some new charm every time I look; and yet dare not look save with honest thoughts. I had known her but a short time, and was curious about her history; so I said to John quite suddenly:

'John, where did you get your wife?'

'What?' said John, starting from his reverie.

'My dear fellow, I do not wish to pilfer any of your heart-treasures; but really I would like to know something of the wooing and winning of such a noble spouse as your own. 'I hope I don't intrude.''

My friend John is a methodical young fellow. With a heart as tender as a girl's he unites an intellect as keen and certain as a Damascus blade; while he has dreams of purple poesy, he is very exact and straightforward in action. He is, therefore, a very successful business lawyer in Wall-street; whereas some of his friends, who knew only the romantic side of his character, thought him a promising recruit for enlistment in the 'shoe-black-seraph army' of poor-devil authors. In reply to my last question, John pulled out his watch, looked at it carefully, put it back in his pocket, and said:

'We have half an hour to spare. I will tell you something of my courtship. You will excuse me if the story sounds egotistical, for you and I, Will, are one in feeling.'

I WAS seventeen when I entered college, so that I had grown to be quite a man, in feeling at least, when my class reached the dignity of Junior year. I used to try desperately to be a great student, for my sister's sake more especially; but some how I could never make myself a satisfactory book-worm. Do n't you think book-worms are great humbugs? I know that if you ransack an old library, you will find many of the more ancient volumes sadly gnawed by a sort of worms from which I suppose our literary 'grubs' get their name. Now good honest people have thought these worms were a sort of literary ghouls crawling and digging among thought-sepulchres, and gorging themselves with the exhumed literary remains, long after their cousins, the skin-

worms, have devoured the poor authors' bodies. But modern entomologists have, I am told, discovered that these worms know nor care very little about etymology, syntax, or prosody; that they are not the literary gourmands they have been reckoned; that they do not dine off mathematics and history, peck at poetry for dessert, and take a snug siesta in the corner of a treatise on metaphysics. It seems that they eat only the covers of books, and that for the sake of the leather, for which they have a fondness inordinate, much preferring calf, sheep, or turkey binding to the intellectual bill-of-fare aforesaid. I think the same mistake has been in vogue with respect to book-worms, metaphorically so called. Honest folks have thought that they really gormandize books; that their life is an intellectual dinner, with each course a course of reading. This, my dear friend, I take to be a mistake. Like their namesakes, they only gnaw the covers of books. They fill themselves with sheep-skins and goat-skins, (fit lining.) They gorge themselves with husks and leave the fat kernel for the true epicure. But I am prosing.

One fine day in October of my Junior year, I was lying stretched out in one of the cushioned windows of the college-library, pharisaically thanking Heaven that I was not a book-worm, and reading Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria,' (I thought then that I understood that work,) when of a sudden the door opened, and in trooped a small battalion of belles and beaux. I did not notice them especially, for it was quite common for parties of visitors to come on College-Hill to view the libraries and cabinets, and, as we sometimes flattered ourselves, to see the students. So I read on for a few moments, when, as the party approached where I was seated, I looked up to see whether the girls were pretty, (for I hold it as proper and instructive to look at and admire every pretty woman one meets, as to study every fine landscape one may chance to see. Why should we go stare at cataracts, and sun-rises, and paintings, and never look at the loveliest of all created things, women?) By Jove! as I looked up, behold my eyes met those of my ideal woman — the realization of my imaginings — my dreams incarnate. I had never seen her before, yet I knew her in a moment. I seemed to be swept toward her. I could hardly resist the impulse that told me to jump up, grasp her by the hand, and cry out:

'Friend — dear friend — thank God, you have come at last!'

But a second thought said that such a demonstration might seem ridiculous in this matter-of-fact life, so I merely bowed my head reverently, as if to say: 'I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but nevertheless remain your obedient servant.'

As she glided past me, I saw that her form was noble, her features fine; but that was not all, she looked as if she were honest. I had dreamt a whole year about an honest woman — a girl honest to herself and therefore courageous; honest to others, and therefore unaffected; passionate yet pure; seeking to obtain no admiration under false pretences; without guile or craftiness; gentle as the dove, yet bold for the sake of the truth; ever doing her duty, quietly, calmly; and I thought that if I could meet such a woman, and recognize her, I would bow down and worship at her feet, though I should chance to be in the

middle of Broadway with two rival omnibuses racing toward me. Fortunately I did not meet her in such an inconvenient locality for devotion. I met her at last in the silent old college-library.

I had no difficulty in finding out her name — it was Nelly Appleton — and in gaining the honor of a formal introduction. She was just what I expected ; her noble face being but the vestibule of a nobler soul-temple. The 'sweet influences' of her companionship were as delicious to me as cold water to a thirsty man. I did not stop to consider whether I was in love, any more than a hungry boy would stop to consider the chemical composition of a peach. I feasted, asking no questions. Nelly's father (her mother was dead) had taken up his abode temporarily in the little village over which the college was superjacent. So I saw her very often. We soon became intimate, and had pleasant little plans, and even confidences of our own. We rode and drove together up and down the beautiful valley of the Oriskany. I did not read the 'Biographia' any more, for I had a pleasanter life to study.

One day Nelly and I went with a party of a dozen friends on a trout-fishing and pic-nic excursion. The day was as long and bright as a June sun could make it. We were all gay and happy and lucky. The trout bit as if they were bent on *felo-de-se*. The birds over our heads sang as if they were wild. As for the party, assuming the fact that they were all young and free from care, you may imagine the jollity that bubbled up in our midst. About noon we reached a little cascade in the brook, which came tumbling through a great gorge in the hill-side ; and in this noble dining-room of nature our pic-nic lunch was laid beneath a wide-spreading beech, and near a cool spring. Nelly and I were deputed to gather ever-greens and flowers to deck the feast. We strolled off together to a solemn corner of the glen, where the silence was broken only by the music of the cascade, and the darkness was relieved by a single broad ray of light which fell through the foliage above, and was shivered in a thousand glittering fragments on the ripple of a rapid. Why we wandered toward this spot, Heaven knows ; certainly no flowers could bloom in so dark a nook, save one of hope for me. Unconsciously, I sat down on a broad slab of moss-grown granite, and Nelly sat down by my side. Some how we both forgot our errand, to wit, the ever-greens and flowers. We talked for some time quietly of our six months' acquaintanceship ; and gradually, in a lower tone, I came to tell her that same old story — you know what it is — which I suppose Jacob told to Rachel, and Romeo to Juliet, and Strephon to Chloe, and which will be whispered by youth in beauty's ear to the end of time. She turned her face and looked steadily in mine for one moment, as if she would read the last letter on my heart's tablet ; then bowed her head with a true womanly blush, and laid her right hand in mine. For further particulars of that pic-nic, you must inquire of the rest of the party.

Days and days rolled on, and naturally enough Nelly's father was made acquainted with our loves. He was a man I could not like — the dear girl must have inherited her goodness from her mother — and as soon as he heard the story, a great quarrel blazed up. He thought I was poor, as indeed I had been, until the demise of an uncle I never

saw, left me with a snug little fortune. Of this windfall I had not told the daughter, for, like a romantic young man that I was, I wished to win not buy her heart; and I was quite too proud to tell the father of it, when he accused me of the crime of being penniless. High words passed between us in Nelly's presence; and in my madness and cruelty I accused her of sordid motives, because she hesitated between love and filial duty. She answered me with indignation — I liked her better for that afterward — and I left the house in a rage. It was the old story again, old as lovers, and one that will be reenacted half-yearly till doomsday. A stern parent — a hesitating girl — a foolish boy — these elements will make up little private theatricals, and enact tragedies thereat, till the world melts.

The next morning I woke up with a horrible suspicion that I had been acting in a very silly manner. I rushed down to the village, in a very disheveled state, to see Nelly and pray forgiveness. The maid at the door told me, with aggravating calmness, suggestive of a fee received at parting, that Miss Nelly and her father had left town that morning. Whither they had gone she had not the faintest idea, neither had the landlady. They had simply paid their bills and gone. What was it to Mrs. Jones or Bridget? They had got their money. I returned to my room, and occupied half-an-hour profitably in cursing myself for a dull and muddy-mettled rascal. Then I wrote a long letter of penitence that would have moved Caligula to tears, and mailed it to Nelly, directed to the town where she had lived before her mother's death. To this I received no answer. In course of time I fell into a melancholy that stirred the sympathy of all the old women in the neighborhood — smoked myself into a state of shocking leanness; read the whole of Wordsworth's 'Excursion'; studied some in self-defence; and made myself very disagreeable to all my acquaintance. But youth and health, in a man at least, cannot be conquered by disappointed love. By the time that the next June began to deck the valley with green and gold, I went so far as to make one at a small tea-party.

On the morning of the tenth of this June, (I marked the day with a white stone,) our class, now Seniors, had assembled by a fellow instinct of idleness, congenital in a fine summer morning on the college green; and as it was the season of flowers, not fruit, we were ready for every thing except study. It was a balmy air we breathed, fun-inspiring, adventurous. At last the flower of the class, Charley Foster, (God help him, he is dead now,) spoke up:

'Boys — let's go to Trenton Falls!'

'Capital!' cried all.

'How shall we go?' suggested a prudent young man.

'Walk, of course,' said a rash young man.

So off we walked, some in dressing-gowns, some in slippers, just as we had come from breakfast. We took no more thought for the morrow, for the consequences, or for the wrath of the faculty, than the lilies of the field. It was a tramp of twenty-four Irish miles to Trenton, yet it seemed nothing in the prospect. However, when we had gone eight miles, and reached the sleep-awake town of Whitesboro, and got our dinner, it became evident to the more prudent that pedestrianism

would not do. It was more tiresome than jolly. A committee was appointed to ransack the village for means of transportation. Shade of Bucephalus ! what nags were found ! And what wagons were wheeled out ! The cavalcade, as near as I recollect, was arranged as follows : My humble self led the van, astride an ancient pony impressed from the town common ; a pony whose age was a theme of traditionary discussion in Whitesboro, and whose iniquities had developed and matured with his years. Next came a 'democrat-wagon,' as rheumatic as democratic, with three seats and nine occupants, propelled by a pair of lugubrious mules, with ridiculously slim tails, and magnificently large ears : then came our mad wag, Charley Foster, seated in gorgeous state in a doctor's sulkey, an emaciated Major Edsonian concern, that looked like the skeleton of a vehicle that might have flourished grandly in the previous century, and was drawn by a spectral horse eighteen hands high, with bones like a mastodon's : next came a family carriage, with its centre of gravity six feet from the ground : next two buggies of more modern pretensions ; and last of all, a 'solitary horseman,' without any saddle. You may suppose that the procession naturally elicited the wonder of the good farmers who were hoeing corn in the valley of the Mohawk ; and that children from school-houses, and rosy lasses from dairies ran out to stare at us. We got on so bravely, that just as the sun was kissing the hill-tops that encircle Trenton, we entered in imposing phalanx, the fine grounds of mine host Moore. The dust of travel brushed off and washed down, and a good supper discussed, and we were off to see the Falls.

Have you ever been to Trenton ? No ? Then go next summer by all means. As my friend Delia used to say, it is a 'sweet' place. Did you ever see a humorous rustic present to a young steer a whole hard pumpkin, and watch the eager manner in which the ravenous beast would roll the huge fruit around and lick it, and bite it, and at last, with impotent rage, give it a great toss, and run away in much disgust ? That is my idea of Niagara. It is too great and hard. I cannot get hold of it, and give it up in despair. But Trenton is pleasantly sliced up in four or five different cataracts, and I can ruminate over it leisurely.

For a good description of the sight that met us as we reached the foot of the long stair-case, I must refer you to Nat Willis's charming letters. It was exceedingly beautiful. The moon, a little past the full, was hanging just over the gorge, and her mellow light came dripping in a silver shower through the trees that overhang the walls of rock on either side. Past us, as we threaded the narrow path leading up the glen, ran the dark stream of most unromantic name, swift and mysterious as 'Alph the sacred river.' Here its waters were choked up between hostile rocks, and fought their way desperately ; there they gained the victory, and rolled on in deep, stately grandeur ; and far above we could see them dashing in a great battalion over the ledge of the first cascade. A walk of half-a-mile through this wonderful corridor brought us to an amphitheatre, hewn out in some pre-Adamite convulsion, where the huge rock-seats scattered about suggested that we should sit down and enjoy the prospect cosily. I had strayed off from

the company in search of an eligible slate-sofa, when my attention was attracted by a pleasing sight — a young lady sitting alone at a little distance, and looking as romantic as you choose. Of course I made it necessary to pass her in my search for a seat. As I approached, she turned her face toward me in the full moon-light. Judge of my surprise, Will, my confusion, my tempest of emotions. I could have sunk into the ground ; but fortunately the foundation where I stood was very flinty. She looked at me a moment inquiringly, with the same glance of earnest questioning she had given me a year before.

'John ?'

'Nelly ?'

And then, as she rose up, a blessed ray of forgiveness wreathed her face with roses, and illumined it like a glory.

'Dear John —'

'Dearest Nelly !'

I forgot for a time the beauties of Nature as manifested in moon and cataract, for there was living beauty and goodness nearer to me, clasped in my unworthy arms : and all was forgotten that was gloomy and cruel in the past ; and all that was hopeful for present and future stood revealed in the light of love and faith. O my friend ! there are times when a decade of years is distilled so that we sip its pleasures in an hour's space ! For such an hour, Nelly and I sat on the broad slate rock, by the rushing river, and talked together of the past and the future. She had nothing to say about herself, except that she had never received my letter, and that her poor father was dead, and had left her quite alone. I would protect her ? That she was travelling with some friends at present : she had been very sad for a year past, yet had hoped to see me again ; and was very happy now. Would I forgive her those unkind words spoken in haste ? She would never speak unkindly to me again.

And she never has spoken aught to me, Will, but words of honest, devoted affection. I wish I were more worthy of her than I am.

SONNET : CHARITY.

'BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.'

'T is said the Earth grows doting in her age,
And looketh ever backward ; that her heart
Out-poured its mother-tide on knight and sage,
Her first-born sons : and now, not all our art
Can win one love glance from her tear-blind eyes.
Come, KANE ! and stand before her ; let each scar
In glory now beneath the polar star
Proclaim the greatest hero 'neath God's skies !
And if she maunder still of victors dead,
Blood-stained, while thou art robed in Charity ;
If crowning them she strip the laurel-tree,
And thee disowning, will not wreath thy head :
Then, God of orphans ! let this wanderer come
To share the crown and sun-light of THY home !

I. Q. I.

January, 1857.

M Y W I N T E R - T I M E .

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I.

Go, wild winds, go raving across the bleak hill !
And hurl off the sere leaves that flutter there still :
And through the black branches howl madly and shrill !

II.

Go drift up, go drift up the snow cold and high :
Let its whiteness make blacker the grim, angry sky !
Let the pilgrim go breast-deep to stiffen and die !

III.

Go howl in your fury ! and in your disdain
Give mock to the world and all of its pain :
Give mock to its sorrow and hot-throbbing brain !

IV.

And here in the mid-night I'll laugh as I list,
For my heart has gone from me ; 't is keeping a tryst
With lips that it loves, that kiss not when kissed !

V.

I laugh as the snow drifts cold in my breast ;
'T is warm as the idol that last there was pressed :
'T is warm as the pillow that now gives him rest.

VI.

I've called to him, wild winds, with passion so deep,
That the stars, they could hear me and look down and weep :
But never my wailing has broken his sleep.

VII.

I've knelt, where he lieth, from morning to eve,
And whispered the love he once smiled to receive ;
And begged for the kisses he once begged to give.

VIII.

But never a word broke the silence so chill.
Go ! wild winds, go raving across the bleak hill !
And through the black branches howl madly and shrill !

IX.

And perchance ye will wake him ; for if he should hear
In his dreamings your ravings so mournful and drear,
He would shake off that slumber and haste to me here.

X.

For I am his darling. Wild winds, does he know
I am standing alone in the cold-drifting snow,
With my hopes frozen up in a winter of wo ?

Rochester, (N. Y.)

H A N N A H T R A C Y.

CHAPTER FIRST.

PERHAPS some people would like to hear an old lady's auto-biography ; at least, so I flatter myself. It is nothing very astonishing, dear reader, but merely a short, simple story, such as hundreds of others have written. I hope, at any rate, these few pages will meet the eye of some sympathizing friend of my own sex, as nothing is expected from the members of the other, who, I believe, never read such trash, though I have often seen them taking sly peeps at the 'abominable stuff' frequently seen in magazines. But enough of this, and now for the commencement of my narrative.

I am the eldest of three children ; our mother died when I was eight, my sister Amy six, and dear little Nellie two years old. Our darling Nellie ! to think of her as she then was, recalls my mind very forcibly to years long fled ; for, though old now, it seems but a few years since the days of my childhood. My father did not seem to know what to do with us after the death of our mother, as being a clergyman, it was impossible for him to devote much time to three motherless girls. Mr. Tracy (that being my father's name) was much beloved by his congregation, but we children stood very much in awe of him, excepting Nellie, who was not at all afraid ; she was his favorite, and how could it be otherwise ? — for she was the most confiding and dependent little thing that ever lived. She would sit on his knee for hours with her little curly head nestled on his bosom, now and then looking up in his face with her large, mournful blue eyes. •

About a month after my mother's death, my father concluded to send me off to boarding-school, through the advice of Aunt Ruth, my father's sister, who was accordingly duly installed as house-keeper, and put in charge of my sisters. My aunt, whom I never liked, and with whom I was no favorite, thought it better to send me from home, as I was getting so large and unmanageable ; my father, not exactly knowing what course to pursue, thought it a good enough plan ; but as the time for my departure drew nearer, he caressed me more than usual, which often made me feel like showing some demonstrations of affection, but there was always in his manner something that repressed the impulse.

It was a great novelty for me to go to school, as having always been taught by my mother at home, I had never been in such a place, so that it was not without pleasure I looked forward to it, and a boarding-school seemed the height of my childish ambition. However, the day arrived at last for my departure, in company with my father. How well I remember that day ! It was a lovely morning in April, warm and pleasant, when I bade farewell to my aunt and sisters. We children cried very much at parting, but our childish sorrow was soon overcome by the arrival of the stage, which attracted all our attention. In

a few moments we were on our way to the mansion of happiness, as I then thought it : of course I never realized that happiness, although I had many happy hours at school ; but I never have been so happy since as I then was in the anticipation of it. We arrived at my place of destination, after travelling all day, for though it was only forty miles from my native village, it took longer to travel then than it does now, travelling being done in stages. We stopped at a beautiful house in the suburbs of one of the largest towns in New-England ; at the wicker gate stood my future school-mistress, ready to receive me. I was lifted from the stage and formally introduced to her by my father, he having seen her before. My heart sank and I trembled violently at the idea of meeting a stranger, but was very soon calmed by the lady, who took my hand and led me kindly to the house. My father kissed me affectionately, bade me be a good girl, said he would come soon to see me, and took his departure, leaving me to the guardianship of Mrs. Wells, (the principal of the school.) Child as I was, it seemed very desolate to be alone. My ambitious desires of school were beginning to be crushed under the weight. When we were left alone, the lady drew me fondly toward her, and divesting me of my hat and shawl, looked at me with a sad countenance, caused by my dress of deep mourning, the sight of which had excited the sympathy of her tender heart for the poor motherless child.

'Now, my dear,' said she, 'I hope you will be happy with us ; there is quite a number of little girls here, and you will get very easily acquainted, no doubt.' Then taking me on her lap, (how I loved her at that moment !) she asked my name.

'Hannah Tracy, ma'am,' was the reply.

How I came by the name of Hannah, I am unable to inform you, as I never knew a relation of that name, but I think my parents must have inflicted it on me in honor of some beloved antiquated kinswoman, my sisters bearing names so different.

Mrs. Wells then took me out to a play-ground, where I made the acquaintance of about a dozen little girls, my school-mates, the eldest not over twelve. It did not take long to make myself perfectly at home, they gave my such an affectionate reception. Mrs. Wells, I found, was a widow, who supported herself by taking a few scholars to board ; she was an excellent and pious lady, and to the children under her charge as a good mother ; so conscientious was she in doing her duty to them, that it was mere like a family of sisters than a boarding-school, though that seems almost like a profanation. I will pass over the years I was at her school ; suffice it to say that, during that period of my existence, I was contented and happy.

CHAPTER SECOND.

EIGHT years passed away ; I had attained my sixteenth year and was fast changing from childhood to womanhood. What a Methusalem I thought myself ! Though only a child, I had a true woman's nature.

During the eight years I was at school I saw my sisters but once ;

my father usually visited me twice a year, so I heard from them occasionally. One morning I was aroused quite early from my slumbers by a servant handing me a letter, on which I recognized my father's handwriting. Mrs. Wells had frequently received letters from him, but this being the first I had ever received from him, I was fairly dizzy with delight. The contents were that he had married again, thinking the children needed a mother's care, as they were getting spoiled, and the hope was expressed that I would love my new mother, as I soon would have an opportunity, for he was coming for me the next day. A sigh of disappointment escaped me, for if I had ever thought of my father's second marriage, it was always associated with Mrs. Wells. I regretted exceedingly leaving my adopted mother, as I called her; however, I found there was very little time for grief, as I had to prepare for my departure. The following day I left, accompanied by my father, and shed many tears at parting with my beloved friends. It was some time after we started before I was able to control myself; he held my hand in his, and from the few words he spoke, I saw he thought it was the change at home that was grieving me. Not till then was I sensible how foolishly I had behaved. By great effort I mastered my emotion, and was astonished at the ease with which we chatted about every thing. He told me I would probably find Oak Cottage changed since I left it, and that my aunt had gone away very much enraged at her place being usurped by some one else. I then formed a resolution to make it my duty to love my step-mother if it were a possible thing, although visions of wicked stop-mothers were constantly flitting through my brain; and I hoped her determination toward me was the same.

We arrived at last at the parsonage, and found the place indeed altered since I last saw it, every thing having grown so much. The porch was covered with honeysuckles and woodbine, and the ivy, which had been set out when I was an infant, fairly covered the sides of the house. I was delighted at meeting my sisters, and found them grown entirely out of my remembrance. Engrossed with the pleasure of again seeing them, I had forgotten that there was a third member of the family, until I heard my father say, 'Hannah, my love, this is your mother,' and raising my eyes, beheld standing before me the loveliest little creature that I ever beheld. A cry of indignation nearly burst from me, expecting, of course, to see a middle-aged lady, wearing a cap, black gown, and white kerchief, and carrying on her arm a black silk bag, instead of a beautiful, fairy-like girl. She saw plainly my disappointment; her eyes filled with tears, and she whispered: 'Hannah, dear, do love me.' I recollected my good resolutions, and we were friends from that instant, though still the idea seemed absurd that my father should place at the head of his house so fair and delicate a young creature of only seventeen, just one year my senior, although I had the advantage as regards height.

Amy had grown to be a tall girl of fourteen and had been spoiled by Aunt Ruth, with whom she was a great favorite; and I could see that Mrs. Tracy had not been kindly welcomed by her; but Nellie and our little Mamma, as she called her, instinctively clung to each other,

prompted by their similar dispositions. It took but a few days to see that Mrs. Tracy knew nothing of house-keeping, and was totally unfit for a minister's wife, so that I finally took the management of every thing, and was much better able to bear the burden, being the stronger, and it was no small relief to her when I took possession of the keys. It was not long before my father saw that he had taken a very foolish step, for there was no sympathy between them, and he treated her more like a child than a wife and companion. However, Aline and myself became inseparable, and if it had always remained as it was, I should never have known any such deep sorrow as has fallen to my lot ; but changes will come ; they crept their way along even in our unpretending little abode, notwithstanding the two old oak trees that had stood for a century in front of the house, each like a sentinel at his post, guarding it from the enemy.

CHAPTER THIRD.

MR. TRACY'S duties as a country clergyman compelled him to be from home a great deal, so that we would spend many evenings without him. He assisted a number of young gentlemen in their preparatory studies for the ministry, some of whom came from a distance, and among them was one named Charles Linwood, a Southerner, who, having no other acquaintances, visited us very often, in fact, was our daily companion. He was tall, and of a commanding figure, with black hair and eyes, and fine features, and the possessor of an unblemished character. It was not long before I found him my idol, and so happy and selfish was I in my love for him, that the possibility of his not returning it never occurred to me, silly child that I was ! He was considered a privileged being to come and go at his pleasure. Nellie always seemed to fore-know his coming, for the moment he opened the little gate, she would run as fast as possible and throw her arms around his neck ; and often have I wished, with the blood mantling in my cheeks, that I was a little child, that I might enjoy the same privilege : however, it was not to me that privilege was secured, for alas ! a cloud was overshadowing our little household and the sun-shine fast declining. Aline had great musical abilities ; her voice was rich, melodious, and bird-like, and her execution on the piano very brilliant : she would pass hours playing. At my request, Mr. Linwood often mingled his voice with hers, without the thought ever occurring to me of the danger of these two young people being thrown so constantly in each other's society. One morning, as I was busying myself with some household arrangements in a room adjoining the parlor, I heard indistinctly two people conversing there in an under-tone. One was the low, manly voice of Mr. Linwood ; the other, Aline's. I was spell-bound to the spot on hearing Charles utter these words : ' Dearest Aline, only say that you love me and I will leave you forever.'

' Mr. Linwood ! Sir ! is this the way you address me ? '

I caught a glimpse through the half-open door of Aline, her slight figure looking commandingly beautiful ; and the expression of her features indicating great firmness of character, blended with sympathy,

seemed to reveal deep and powerful feelings which had hitherto lain dormant.

Charles rushed madly from the house ; for a few moments there was almost a deathly stillness, then came a heavy fall. I ran into the room and found Aline had fainted ; I rendered her the necessary aid, and as soon as she was restored to consciousness, she was conveyed to her room, which she did not leave again for three months. She was very ill, indeed, during that time. Night after night I watched her when her life was despaired of. I prayed fervently that she might live, who had torn all my hopes from my heart, and it was then that the religious instructions and influence of my excellent teacher sustained me in the hour of trial.

Aline had become more endeared to us all ; even Amy's prejudices were overcome, and we loved her as a sister. She did not know that I was in possession of the secret that had crushed my hopes and brought her her first great sorrow. I could at least think of him, but that was denied to her.

Of the manner in which she became my father's wife I was then ignorant, but have since learned the circumstances, which were as follows : Previous to my father's acquaintance, this delicate creature had supported herself and an invalid mother by teaching music, and finding that was not sufficient support, so few scholars being obtainable in a country village, she came to my father, on account of his being a clergyman, and through his influence, became the village school-mistress. A few months after, her mother died, leaving her perfectly alone ; for though she had a few wealthy relatives who occasionally sent her a few dollars, by none of them was she offered a home. It was at this time my father became interested in her, and in a few months she became Mrs. Tracy, mistaking her feeling of gratitude toward him for love.

We saw nothing of Charles Linwood, after his abrupt departure, for a long time, as he left the village, soon after, to travel, we knew not whither. Aline, in the spring, began to regain her health, but her constitution had received so great a shock, that I knew it would take months to restore her entirely.

I suppose my readers have sufficient curiosity to desire to know what I did on this occasion. I did not pine away, finding no time for the indulgence of my grief ; but sometimes took a glance at my image in the mirror, and thought it possible that some one might yet take me for better or for worse, as I thought myself tolerably good-looking. How unfortunate I was not a beauty, as heroines usually are. Picture to yourself a tall, awkward girl of seventeen, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and nose and mouth with nothing remarkable about either. I found myself become a great personage at home, and was constantly in demand by some member of the family. In this manner we lived quietly on about a year, when a calamity befel us that entirely changed the tenor of our lives : our father was taken from us, after a short illness, leaving us nearly destitute.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Not long after my father's death, I found we would have to vacate the house, it being the parsonage. Strangers would henceforth be the occupants. We had lived there so many years that it seemed as our own, so it was not without the deepest sorrow that we thought of our departure. I was sensible, also, that it would be necessary to depend on our own resources for our maintenance.

My father had been much beloved by his parishioners, and after his death we often received small donations of money, which were very acceptable. After the sale of our household furniture, I found I had quite a sum of money left, which would be sufficient to take us some distance away if we thought it necessary to go. Aline and I clung to each other with the indissoluble tie of friendship. I was full of the energy of youth, constantly making plans and building castles in the air, that I would eventually make a fortune, and in some enchanting spot build a beautiful house, in which Aline, my sisters, and I would take up our abode and live in peace and happiness the remainder of our lives; but I could not usually indulge in these imaginations for any length of time before the sad reality would force its way into my mind. Aunt Ruth (my father's only sister) sent us an affectionate invitation to come and live with her, but insisted on our giving up our acquaintance with that artful and designing little hussy who had led our father such a miserable life; but this I declined, while thanking her heartily for the interest she took in us, and we did not hear from her again in relation to it. My dear friend, Mrs. Wells, on hearing of our bereavement and destitute condition, wrote, offering to take Amy and give her such instruction as would be beneficial. She was accordingly sent there, as I well knew she would be kindly treated. We finally concluded to go to the city of New-York, and through the kind attention of a friend of my father, we succeeded in obtaining two small rooms in the house of a very respectable widow lady, in which we soon found ourselves quite at home, notwithstanding our sadness at leaving Oak Cottage.

Our next difficulty was how should we procure something to do; and Aline determined to give lessons in music. So we accordingly put up a modest tin sign, on which was painted, 'Music taught here,' looking very much like, 'Washing done here.'

I succeeded at last, in procuring some plain sewing, for which I received a very small compensation, barely enough to supply us with provisions, and putting us several weeks behind with the payment of the rent, so that our situation became so deplorably embarrassed that we were obliged to give up one of our rooms. Aline finding nothing to do, for our splendid sign had utterly failed in its object, concluded to devote herself to Nellie's education, which had been sadly neglected. After struggling in this way a few months, I at length was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as daily governess, from which time our prospects grew continually brighter, and our united income enabled us to hire half a house, which seemed to us spacious and beautiful as a palace; but yet in spite of this improvement of circumstances and my youthful years, life was beginning to grow wearisome to me,

so monotonous was every thing. Had it not been for Aline, existence would have been unbearable, but on returning home at evening, fatigued and heart-sick from my unceasing toil, I was sure to receive a cheerful welcome, which at once acted as a balm and soothed my wounded spirits to rest. My youthful hopes and feelings were fast departing; it seemed then so many years since the days of my childhood; often would come the remembrance of my dear mother, quieting some little childish sorrow or outburst of temper, when I would lay my head upon her breast and receive the maternal kiss of peace, which was sure to subdue me and restore all my good nature.

One day, on returning home from my pupils, I entered our little sitting-room, when lo and behold! there stood before me a gentleman, whose well-known countenance was no other than that of Charles Linwood, who was sitting by the side of Aline. He instantly came forward to greet me warmly, at which I burst into a violent fit of weeping, tears long pent up were they, but by them were ascribed entirely to the joy of once more meeting an old friend, though they were the tears of utter hopelessness, for one glance had sufficed to reveal to me that they perfectly understood each other. I soon, however, recovered my self-control, and returned his welcome heartily. He informed us that after leaving Oakland he went abroad for his health, had been back but a few months, and had not heard of my father's death until his return, since which time he had been trying to find us, and had only just succeeded in doing so. We were mutually delighted to meet again, and conversed for a long time on the events of the last three or four years: then came a long pause, which none seemed desirous to break, but which was interrupted by Nellie, who now entered the room for the first time since Mr. Linwood's arrival: though fourteen, she was still a perfect child; so, what should she do on seeing him, but throw her arms around his neck as of old, and kiss him over and over again; he, meanwhile, being much astonished at receiving such a salute from a strange young lady. 'Why, Nellie, dear, I should not have known you, you have grown so tall; a few years make a great change indeed,' said he, surveying her admiringly, at which my young lady blushed very prettily. 'I knew you would come back again,' said she, shaking her head very knowingly, as if she were some little fairy. 'Well, my child, you have proved a true prophetess, for I certainly am here.'

Aline was unusually quiet that evening, although her face was radiant with happiness.

'Hannah, dear,' said Charles, confidentially, 'I have something of importance to communicate to you. You are aware, no doubt, of my ardent love for Aline, which I at last find reciprocated, and am once more happy in possessing the heart of the only being I ever loved; but so unselfish is she, that she will not consent to be mine unless our union be sanctioned by you.'

'No, my sister, the dearest friend of my heart,' said Aline, 'I will never leave you, unless with your consent,' and with these words, she seated herself by me and looked up at me, so dependent and beautiful, that it would have been a hard heart that could have resisted those pleading eyes. I rose from my seat, taking Aline by the hand, and

leading her to Charles, placed it in his. 'There, you foolish children, love each other and be happy.' I received a kiss from each, and then returning to my chair, sat bolt upright like an automaton, with my feet on the fender, gazing at the fire as if looking into futurity, but its brightness seemed a mockery of my destiny. I sent Nellie from the room to prepare her studies for the following day; but she went very reluctantly, anxious, I suppose, to see what was next on the programme. The lovers were so enraptured with each other, that they talked over their plans before me, forgetting my presence, but in them all my welfare was the first considered. Yet the love and kind wishes of such dear friends did not make me happy, for after a sleepless night, I could see but one proper course to pursue, and that was to separate from them. On communicating this resolution to them, Aline at first tried to persuade me to the contrary; but, knowing my independent disposition, and seeing my determination, ceased to remonstrate with me. In a few days they were married, and departed to his residence at the South, declaring that the only draw-back to their happiness was my refusal to accompany them to their sunny home.

We were nearly inconsolable at Aline's departure, and to add to our trouble, I was taken very ill; had it not been for the care which my little nurse Nellie bestowed on me, I think I should never have recovered. I had always treated her as a child, but found her womanly character developed in her attendance on me during my sickness. After my recovery, life did not seem so wearisome as before, and I resumed my occupation as governess with renewed energy.

Not long after, we received intelligence of the death of Aunt Ruth, and that we, being the only near relatives, were the heirs to what proved to be a considerable estate.

At last, I found myself in the enjoyment of that fortune of which I had so often dreamed, and which, though not earned by my own exertions, I found none the less pleasant on that account. Though many years have since passed, I am still alive to enjoy it, and if any of my readers will take either steamboat or car to our pretty little village on the Hudson, and ask the way to the residence of old Miss Tracy, (as I am generally called, for although I had many opportunities to change my name, I have never done so, as you perceive,) you will have the pleasure of renewing your acquaintance with my ladyship, whom you will find very much altered in appearance, and quite infirm. Nellie married very young, but lived only a few years after. Amy, like myself, never married. Mrs. Wells gave up her school and came and lived with us for many years. Aline and Charles lived happily together, and I visited them frequently, but never could be persuaded to remain long at a time. They have all long since been taken from me; the only one I have left is the grand-child of Aline, bearing her name, to whom I am devotedly attached, and who accompanies me whenever I go out.

I sometimes hear children say: 'There goes the rich old lady and her beautiful grand-daughter.' I thank God I have been richly rewarded in the affection of this dear child, who is the consolation of my declining years, and in whom my first Aline seems to live again.

MARICA.

THE CHILD AND THE SOLDIER.

A BALLAD OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

BY J. SWETT.

THROUGH the gloom of Russian forests struggled the retreating foe,
Where the sombre pines were shrouded in a drapery of snow;
That 'Grand Army,' torn and shattered, fled before the north wind's breath;
Wintry skies scowled darkly o'er it like a gloomy pall of death.

Howling o'er the Steppes in fury swept the frosty winds in wrath,
Following with relentless vengeance on the mighty conqueror's path;
Sharper than the Cossack lances, bitter blasts pierced to the bone,
And the moaning of the storm-wind drowned the soldier's dying groan.

Round the army's mid-night camp-fires stalked the gloomy Terror King,
And with cold and icy fetters sealed forever life's warm spring;
Heroes sank in wakeless slumbers, chilled by piercing hail and sleet,
Dying while the snow was weaving round their forms the winding-sheet.

Mixed with grim and bearded warriors that upon the long march pressed.
Was a mother with an infant clinging to her weary breast;
In those scenes of gloom and terror seemed that young and lovely child
Like a flower on Alpine summits where the wintry snows are piled.

Pangs of hunger, nights of horror, banished love from every heart;
Dimmed the glorious 'Cross of Honor,' rent the strongest ties apart:
That young mother's heart grew callous, death had filled her soul with dread,
And she flung away her burthen, flung it to the snows and fled!

Wildly shrieked the child deserted, but she closed her eyes and ears,
Heeded not its piteous moanings, deaf alike to shrieks and tears.
'I must see my native country,' muttered she in accents wild;
'I must live, but let him perish, he is but a little child.'

Then a stalwart grenadier raised the child upon his arm,
Saying to the heartless mother, 'Shield thy infant boy from harm;
But again she flung it from her, when the 'bravest of the brave,'
Hero of a hundred battles, stooped the little child to save.

Even then the frantic mother cast her child once more away,
And again the boy was rescued by the arm of gallant NEX:
'Take the boy,' said the old hero, to a soldier of the Guard,
'Thou art kinder than its mother, though thy face is battle-scarred.'

That old soldier passed a comrade and refused a helping hand,
Though he shared his cup of water upon Egypt's burning sand;
He had heard and left unanswered many a wounded comrade's cry,
Left upon the freezing snow-banks in the mid-night gloom to die.

Though he staggered faint from hunger, all affection had not fled:
'I will be to thee a mother,' with a choking voice he said;
And he shared his scanty ration — little food had he to spare;
Nightly pressed him to his bosom, like a guardian angel there.

Through a thousand untold horrors that frail boy was borne along ;
 He survived the cold and hunger which laid low the bold and strong ;
 When the remnants of the army reached the Rhine with shouts of joy,
 There was seen the grim old warrior and the rescued little boy.

But the cold, inhuman mother perished with a fearful doom ;
 For she died in the retreating in a night of death and gloom ;
 Fiercely swept the freezing river where she sank to rise no more,
 With the thousands who died shrieking on the Beresina's shore.

San Francisco.

E L L A S - L A N D .

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

THE storm has at length come. The visible signs, so long overcharging the skies, have at last been verified. Soon after Mr. Standish was with us, as related in a former letter, the fact that Father Green on that occasion took wine, and that Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., expostulated, were known.

You will please not forget the dignity of our suburb. It is a great metropolis on a small scale, and with variations. We have our *Harper's*, *Putnam's*, *Knickerbocker*, and other magazines : our *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times* : our *Churchman*, *Evangelist*, and *Independent*, each walking on two legs, circulating free of postage, of its own motion, spreading knowledge, criticism, and plans for a millennium. I do not know with what number of cylinders these impressions are made, nor whether with Adams' or Hoe's presses, nor how much, if any, margin of profit is left for the news-boys. But the machinery is ample and rapid. Copies are multiplied, new editions with post-scripts easily and cheaply added, and if the same processes could be generally adopted over the surface of this little planet, the world would have all the benefit of magazines, newspapers, rail-roads, and telegraphs, 'on the voluntary principle,' and positively, without the trouble of subscriptions, stocks, and bonds, always as yet below par ; but forever on the brink of being 'a good thing,' and bearing a premium. These processes favor us with the relish of a surprise. One reads his newspaper of a morning or evening, or his magazine while smoking his segar after dinner, or it may be on the cars. One says to himself : 'Here is my stock of news, my dish of gossip for the day : here is my literary bulletin, my air-castle builder, my general expositor for the month !' He expects and he receives. He comes to the feast an invited guest, and at an appointed hour. But in our neighborhood publications you come upon your fortune unawares. A piece of news, a criticism, a good hot scandal, a sweeping and universal reform, a programme for a millennium, is thrust upon you at any turn of the street, at any odd hour. One retreats to his own hearth, perhaps gathers about him a few friends, and says to himself : 'Here,

now, is a comfortable privacy, 'the world shut out.' Let us eat, drink, and be merry.' But lo! in such an hour as he thinks not, when he most flatters himself that his heart is void of offence, he runs foul of some society, and knocks a hole through the bottom of some body's millennium. We are certainly made in the image of God in one or two respects. Our eyes are like His, in that they search all hearts. We do not allow *our* commandments to be disobeyed with impunity. All we seem to need to make the likeness complete, are His wisdom, His patience, His mercy, His benevolence, His love, His power, and the infinite harmony and beauty of His character.

You know that we had a rather stiff time, trying to entertain Mr. Standish. A bottle or some such matter of native wine was used, without malice of any sort. We are in favor of temperance societies. On the whole it is very well to let liquors and wines alone. I believe I have contributed toward Beetles and Apostles in an exemplary manner. We did not on that occasion mean any mischief to the world at large, nor to temperance principles in detail. The matter got out through Mr. Weaver. The sepulchral voice with which Rev. Mr. Motherwort admonished us, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' amused him. He related it as a good joke. It soon reached the ears of several societies, and assaulted them as 'with sticks, staves, stones, bludgeons as aforesaid.' A minister of the Gospel had done it! had, in fact, been guilty of drinking a toast. Mr. Motherwort did not spread the report. He merely could not deny it. Was there spirit-rapping also? What was the world coming to! Every old sore and bruise, every smothered discontent broke loose. Father Green was in for it. I was in for it—I who would not intentionally maltreat any body's plan of reform.

Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., has now been evangelizing around this part of the country for a long period, doing wonderful works, and stirring people up. If he could be prevailed on to receive a call for a settlement! What might we not do, under such an influence! If under Father Green we have been moving slowly and gently toward heaven, might we not under Mr. Motherwort, make more rapid strides? Of course we will not listen to the suggestion which has sprung up to dismiss Father Green from his charge. Of course, a part of us will therefore organize a new congregation, and build a new edifice. We will initiate this step by a public call of a meeting of the congregation to consider the propriety of the use of wines and spirituous liquors by ministers of the Gospel.

Mr. Standish must hereafter do much, if he would counterbalance the mischief he has occasioned. Meanwhile a few of us politicians set our wits to work to manage the meeting. We counted. We planned committees. We contrived resolutions. We did not mean to be out-generated nor out-voted.

When the meeting assembled, your father was made chairman with little opposition, but the strength of the Motherwortarians was greater than we had hoped. Some management was necessary. The friends of Father Green understood each other, and would stand shoulder to shoulder for the love they bore him. The chairman inquired what business was before the meeting. A leading Motherwortarian offered

a string of resolutions to test the sense of the meeting, expressing a subdued but deep disapprobation of the use of wines and liquors, and especially of their use by ministers of the Gospel. These resolutions were received with a hum of approbation. A gentleman, very well known as a friend of Father Green, moved to amend the resolutions, by adding a clause against the use of tobacco. On this clause sprung up a fierce debate ; but during its progress another amendment was proposed denouncing slavery ; and after a while, a third, deprecating the Pope and Inquisition. Our Motherwortarian friends were divided into fragments, each fragment throwing its brilliance like pieces of broken diamond, at random upon the meeting, and, as it were, piercing each other with sharp rays of truth militant. I do not remember ever before to have seen so many millenniums let loose in a single collection of persons. I think the world might for once have learned what a miserable contrivance it is ; that it is no great things to be a world any how ; and especially nothing to be proud of to be *such* a world ! Had the MAKER of the world been present, HE would have learned a piece of their minds ! In that benign assemblage were many, very many, who, on their own showing, loved their CREATOR, and held every thing cheap that would not contribute to His glory ; but not one who would not consider it disreputable to be caught in the act of making such a world as HE had made. To save His credit, they intended to make it over again, and show how worlds ought to be made : they were impatient of all delays interposed between them and the taking of this poor sham of a world to pieces ; cleaning it, furbishing it, putting it together again in different combinations ; and fixing it generally in good repair, so as to turn off a millennium or two every year. All this was much as we expected, and the friends of Father Green soon had control of the meeting. They were the conservators and peace-makers of the occasion. Our triumph was complete, until Father Green, who had thus far said nothing, took the stand amidst profound and almost painful silence, and upset all our well-laid plans. He was brim-full of feeling, and I thought was going to read his opponents a lesson ; but his words were few and humble.

‘Brethren and friends : I am an interested spectator of this scene. My heart is too heavy to say much. The ties which have been growing up between us, have become to me very strong ; so strong that I have none on earth to be compared with them. But I see the path of duty clearly, and this alone relieves me from a degree of pain which might otherwise be insufferable. Those ties must yield to new relations. Some other person may do you more good. I appeal to those who best love me to make up their minds to it, and to give their best thoughts to making the change a profitable one. I should be unworthy the relations with which you have honored me, if I could for a moment consent to stand between you and union and happiness.’

This seemed to us, who had stood for him, almost like a rebuke. Our victory had vanished. But if we were humbled, what was the state of our Motherwortarian friends ? They were prepared for controversy, but not for this. A reaction seemed to take place in their bosoms, and protests were made against being understood to love Father Green less than

others. They only differed from him in opinion on some matters of interest. He was again brought to his feet :

‘I know it, my friends : that is all ! If you should not love the truth more than you love any man, you would fall far short of the true standard. The fault is perhaps in my own temperament. One’s temperament, at my age, sometimes takes the place of conscience. It is my temperament not to set a great store by human opinion ; neither my own nor the opinion of others. I have seen the truth, going into many a controversy, radiant and shining with unspeakable beauty ; but coming out of a controversy, I have never seen her wholly unmarred, and like herself. In a controversy, and coming out of it, she seems almost like something else. I am sensible of the defects of my own character. When I attempt to lay about me in controversies for the truth, I begin to be conscious that it is not the truth alone which I am fighting for, but truth *and* victory. Victory being won, truth seems to be no better or brighter than before. My temperament leads me sometimes to suspect that truth is not much indebted to human aid, and that if we would be modestly content to let her shine, she would melt the icebergs from her course faster than we can do it for her. But this temperament of mine, is no guide for others. Men must stand up to their convictions. Depend upon it, I will never blame you for it.’

The Motherwortarians were not perfectly pleased with this aspect of the matter. It did not leave them so well assured, nor so triumphant as in their opinion their course deserved. They knew too well the modes of argument which had prostrated before them so many unresisting, silent giants of straw, to leave the occasion unimproved. They had been accustomed to carry on both sides of the controversy ; making their imaginary opponents place their defence on untenable grounds, and thus driving them to the wall. They seemed to think another occasion had arrived for a similar triumph. One of them, with real or affected deference of manner, inquired :

‘Whether, if Father Green attached so little importance to matters of opinion, he ought not to yield his prepossessions, and give his example more decisively to Christian influences ; in short, to take a step forward and unite his congregation on high temperance, evangelical, anti-slavery ground ? Was it not the duty of a Christian teacher to rebuke sin ?’

Father Green said : ‘It is, I think, the leading duty of a Christian teacher to rebuke sin in himself ; to show it no lenience, but to expel it as far hence as possible : if he can succeed perfectly in his own case, his example and kind persuasion may do much to assist others. As to taking steps in advance for the purpose of harmony, I think no Christian should hesitate one moment. But this pre-supposes a belief on his part that the step proposed is a step in advance, and not a step in some other direction, as for instance, a step in the dark.’

‘But,’ inquired the Motherwortarian, ‘is there any safer character for a Christian to imitate than CHRIST HIMSELF : and did not HE denounce the wicked ?’

‘So far as my knowledge or belief can go,’ said Father Green, ‘there never was and never will be another SAVIOUR given to us. All our

hopes hang upon Him : all our salvation depends upon our efforts, however distant and humble, however wayward and ineffectual, to form our own character upon the model of His divine perfections, and to draw thence by unpresuming faith, the help we need. He was God, and knew of a verity when and where denunciations were deserved. But if with His quick glance through the hidden nature of things, He used so little denunciation, I can but feel that with my poor, blind, imperfect faculties I run a fearful risk to attempt it at all. There are occasions when it seems to me denunciation and rebuke would be appropriate ; but these are sometimes such occasions as He used for His most touching exhibitions of tender mercy and compassion. I find peace of mind and solace for my soul, in attempting such acts as would seem to meet His approbation in respect of gentleness, charity, and good will. But if I approach the awful brink of denunciation, I feel like one standing on a dangerous precipice, covered with dismal clouds and darkness. Another step might aid no one, but plunge me hopelessly into that fearful abyss where one is given over to the odious and unchristian practice of passing judgment on his neighbors. Sometimes our LORD was beset with irreverent and mocking crowds, exposed to bodily harm, and to the rude clamor of blasphemers. He did not prostrate them with a glance or a frown, but disappeared from among them.'

At this point Mr. Antinous Weaver, who is an ardent admirer of Father Green, ejaculated :

'Jest exactly as Father Green is going to do.'

Several Motherwortarians rose to a point of order. The chairman declared Mr. Weaver out of order.

Father Green protested that he intended no such application of his remarks. He had not been ill-treated. Nothing unkind had been done or said against him. Persons were endeavoring to pursue their own convictions ; that was all.

Here another Motherwortarian wished to say that he did not remember ever hearing Father Green denounce the Pope or the great whore of Babylon. If not out of place, he would be glad to know if Father Green did not believe it to be the duty of a Christian to make war on Anti-Christ ?

Father Green would be happy to answer any questions. It was very kind to take so much pains to understand his feelings. He must, in the nature of the case, content himself with brief explanations. He was not in favor of the Pope: His claim to infallibility seemed to him to be a fearful thing. He had not denounced that particular Pope to which his friend alluded. Among other reasons, he would mention that the Catholic Church had but one Pope, and he was made, for the most part, out of gentlemen of pious habits, advanced age, and great scholarship. He was elected by a College of Cardinals, and to most of the members of his Church was distant and not meddlesome. This form of Popery had the advantage, therefore, that there is but one Pope, and he very distant. There was, however, in the mind of Father Green, a strong repugnance to admit that one man could stand between another

man and his MAKER ; but if the idea were at all admissible, he would prefer there should be but one, and that he should be pious, learned, full of the mellow touch of years, and far away.

The gentleman who had put the question did not understand the reply. He would not say it was evasive, but would like to know what was meant by the phrase ' that particular Pope to which his friend had alluded ; ' and what was the bearing of his allusions to more Popes than one. Did Father Green mean that there was more than one Pope, or that where Popery was referred to, there could be any question of the kind of Popery intended ?

Father Green said : ' I have sometimes thought we have a great deal of Popery among us : a great many little Popes, not elected by any College of Cardinals : not pious, not learned, not ripe in experience, but young, rash, ignorant, audacious little Popes, who issue their bulls in droves and send them goring up and down among peaceful people. These Popes elect themselves, and infest our churches and neighborhoods. Presbyterian Popes, Baptist Popes, Episcopalian Popes, Methodist Popes, Temperance Popes, Slavery and Anti-Slavery Popes, Political Popes — men who think us wrong because our minds do not fit to the same groove, nor our consciences take hold upon the same jurisdiction with theirs, and who therefore excommunicate us and cause the whole structure of social and religious life to be split up into ten thousand little Poperies. It is easy to find anti-Christ and Popery, and spiritual whoredoms ; but what better can we do than to spare our arrows and thunderbolts, and trust with serene and cheerful faith, that our loving and divine MASTER will lead us safely through all these quagmires and fogs ? '

Our inquiring Motherwortarian friend thought he understood the reply. ' If he did, it was a sweeping condemnation of Temperance Societies, Anti-Slavery Societies ; also of much of the organization of our churches ; perhaps a condemnation of the entire ' principle of association and moral suasion ' to which the whole world was so much indebted. He would like to know whether he himself was considered a Pope because he advocated temperance and other reforms ? Who were the little Popes alluded to ! He thought they had not misconstrued Father Green when they supposed his influence to be against all these advancing lights of the age. He believed the cat was now out of the bag ! '

Father Green said his remarks had no personal application. Had he wished to complain or make an accusation, he should have sought his brother in privacy. Whether the cat was out of the bag or in the bag, he had endeavored to answer truthfully. If he had been conscious of having any cat in the bag he certainly would let it out, for it must be an uncomfortable place for poor pussy.

Several gentlemen addressed the chair at once. They wished to put one more question. The chairman gave the floor to one who had not before spoken.

He had waited in silence the upshot of this dialogue, until it seemed to him no longer proper to withhold his protest. He had heard doubt

thrown upon the most sacred causes, upon the efforts of the best men and women of the age, and now it seemed they were to be regaled with untimely derision. But to avoid the possibility of mistake, he would respectfully inquire of Father Green whether he avowed himself an open opponent of these movements?

Father Green would thank his friend to explain what movements he referred to?

'The Anti-Slavery movement!' said some body from his seat.

'The Woman's-rights movement!' ejaculated a talented woman.

'The Temperance movement!' said another.

'The Tract movement!' said yet another.

'The Missionary movement!' said another.

'The Education of Indigent Young Men for the Ministry movement!' said another.

'The Transportation of School-mam's to the West movement!' said another.

'The Sewing Society movement!' said another. 'The sew up domestic missionary families movement!'

'The Church Building for Destitute Congregations movement!' said another.

'The Anti-Tobacco movement!' said another.

'The Anti-Tea and Coffee movement!' said another.

'The Mother's Help One Another to Advice movement!' said another.

'The New Translation of the Bible movement!' said another.

'Really, my friends,' said the gentleman on the floor, 'you remind me that my question covers the whole ground of the spirit of the age, and save me from particularizing; but I confess I had in my mind the Temperance and Anti-Slavery movements.'

Mr. Weaver begged the gentleman for leave to make a single suggestion. He wished the meeting to consider the propriety among other things of a time to go home movement.

Father Green said he was afraid the discussion was tending to unprofitableness. All he considered it important to say was, that he was not conscious of opposing any of the movements named. He did not think, that with all the movements, there was any too much good done. The object was large, the fields of exertion various. There was no need for one to jostle another. He would say for his own part, that while he opposed no one, the explanation of his whole conduct was to be found in the fact that his particular attention had been called to a field of exertion less attractive and less occupied than many others, but not hostile to them. He had undertaken a very arduous and difficult reform, requiring constant vigilance, and not accompanied, for the present at least, with very striking results. It was in the first place to become himself a modest, unselfish and pure Christian; in the next place, to use any little influence he could, to induce his friends to attend to their own reformation before reforming the world. He had sometimes thought that if he could mould himself to the true Christian ideal, it would be a great and glorious achievement. If there could be one, two,

three persons in any circle or neighborhood who would truly love their neighbors as themselves, who would become as little children in CHRIST, dealing truly, faithfully, tenderly with all, and waiting meekly to learn before seeking a commission to teach ; perhaps the truth would make them free ; perhaps their influence would be genial and shine afar ; perhaps they would be made the means of many blessings. ' These have been my dreams. A better man might be more successful in their fulfilment.'

The resolutions were called for and cries of ' Question ! question ! ' Here ensued sundry perplexing questions as to what would be the effect of voting one way and the other on the amendments. Several votes were taken. Some of the resolutions were divided, some laid on the table, some amended, and other progress made, during which a motion to adjourn was carried by general consent. I am sure I do not know who was triumphant and who beaten. The result has been that Father Green persisted in resigning his charge, and Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A. B., has been duly installed in his place.

I have been reflecting on Father Green's explanations to the meeting. If I understand him, his views must lead to uncomfortable results. In these ' great movements ' one can do his duty cleverly. People naturally enough discover each other's faults and meet together to confess them, each confessing his neighbor's sins, and each telling his neighbor what to do to be saved. An enlivening sympathy is engendered, and much can be done to send similar movements over the face of the globe. One feels that in taking a share of such expenditures and exertions he is not without merit. If the service be the service of one's MAKER, one may be excused for feeling as if his MAKER would in some form acknowledge it, and as if an account were accruing in which his credits are likely to accumulate. That this is the way to serve one's MAKER I can see no reason to doubt, without calling in question the votes of countless meetings, and in short, the spirit of the age. On the other hand, it is a great bore to be obliged to think continually of one's own faults. If one were compelled to make a Christian of himself, in Father Green's sense of the word, before he were permitted to set about reforming others, I fear we should have a dull time. What would become of all our magnificent contributions and liberalities if no person were permitted to contribute or put a cent into the LORD's treasury until he had first paid his debts, and paid back to the injured or cheated every thing obtained by over-reaching, by unfair bargains, by deceptions ? What would become of the ' movements ' of the age, if no person were permitted to advocate a reform, until he should first wash himself clean of his bad dispositions ? What if no tongue should be permitted to harangue as the advocate of causes, until first purged of all tendencies to exaggeration, to detractions, to uncharitableness, to unkind interpretations ? I like Father Green from personal considerations, but I cannot abide his doctrines. What would the world come to ? I will not say that the idea is disgusting, but really it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more distasteful.

On the evening after the meeting which I have described, I walked

over to Nathan's to have a chat with Father Green. I hoped to find him alone, but Weaver was there.

'Fact is,' said Weaver, 'I could n't at first quite come it : *nix comes* ; but it sort of got through my hair that I could smell it. It's nice, I tell you. It's really — well ! You see it's jist here. Suppose each man and woman, you and I, and he, for instance, should clear the devil entirely out of our minds and hearts — kick him out, cut off his tail and put a ring in his nose — so that we would have nothing in 'em but right up and down goodness : as clean as a new bib, and sweet as milk and charity ; and we only wanted to tell the truth and make folks comfortable ; would n't it shine through us ? Would n't our faces look sort of loving and comfortable ? Would n't folks just love us as they do clean babies ? We would be mighty persuasive men, I tell you. We need n't go making speeches, getting up contributions, and so on, unless we had a mind to, because we should look it and act it. It would be the genuine article, real old Doctor Jacob Townsend ! Each man would be a society ; an illumination ; a book with picters, gilt edge, spring back with a tuck. Would, by thunder !'

Whether Father Green was pleased at Mr. Weaver's interpretation of his hints he did not say. Mr. Weaver did not seem to call in question the excellency of his own powers to entertain.

One is led to wonder why such a person is tolerated, least of all, made welcome among educated persons. Perhaps it is because he is himself a man of education, addicted to drollery of that low species which consists in repeating and exaggerating the peculiarities of sects and classes of persons, never taking the trouble to distinguish whether you laugh with or at him. He picks up and rehearses the peculiarities of dialect and manner of the stage Yankee, a kind altogether unlike any live specimens I ever saw ; also the low phrases of boat-men and laborers. He is a mimic who imitates only with such extravagant burlesque that no one sees a resemblance to himself. Mr. Weaver is a most meddlesome and excellent friend ; he is a money-maker ; he has what Mr. Carlyle would call 'insight ;' and with all his folly, seldom passes quite over the line which separates the ridiculous from the disgusting. I believe on this occasion he had the sagacity to discover that both Father Green and myself were willing he should leave as soon as his visit was fairly ended, and he did leave.

Father Green and I sat a moment in silence. Our eyes met with a sober and searching glance, but lips and tongue remained unmoved. We seemed to understand each other ; but if so, no convenient words were found to express the shade of thought. We were both thinking of the change he had determined upon, its effects upon others, and upon ourselves. But I was thinking mostly of him and his prospects ; what could he do to occupy and support himself ? how avoid circumstances of dependence ? At length he said inquiringly :

'And what next ?'

To which I responded explicitly : 'Yes, what next ?'

Another pause ensued.

'It will all come out right, I think,' said I, 'some how or other.'

'I think he has capacity enough,' said Father Green. 'If we can secure him a better situation somewhere in your railroad company, for instance, he will hardly miss what little I have heretofore done for him.'

'Whom do you mean?' said I.

'Nathans,' was his laconic answer; 'of course, who else should I mean?'

'But you will excuse me,' said I, 'it was of yourself I was thinking.'

'Very much like you,' said he in a complimentary tone. 'But we shall see about it. This break-up I have long foreseen. The particular occasion was an accident, but the same result has been long foreshadowed. As for the future, I believe I have all the provision I need. I confess that I feel solitary and widowed in breaking up these old relations; but my pecuniary arrangements are all made. I have long since made my dispositions, and feel safe and at ease.'

'My dear friend!' said I, 'you relieve me. A load has fallen from my mind. I was not aware that you had property.'

'That is true,' said he, 'I have none; therefore I am at ease and independent. I have nothing to trouble me in that line; no cares, no apprehensions. But I have a few persons in my mind's eye whom I have imagined to be the better for my interest in them. They have a beautiful tendency to poverty, but do not fully know how to enjoy it. They are nearer heaven than they think; but I fear to leave them, lest they miss their way and go on in bitterness, desiring more than is good for them.'

A L A M E N T .

Sing, little robin, sing,
Sing in the shady grove:
Thou hast thine own dear home,
Thou hast thy mate to love!
While I sit alone,
While I sadly weep,
My beloved one
Sleeps the last long sleep.

Toil, little robin, toil,
Toil for thy nestlings dear;
Ever unwearied toil,
Bringing to them good cheer.
No darling cherub head
Rests upon my arm,
No tender babe is mine
To shield from want and harm.

Sleep, little robin, sleep,
When the day is gone;

Calmly rest in peace,
All thy duties done.
While upon my couch
I must toss till morn,
Worn with weary wo,
Lonely and forlorn.

Oh! 't is hard to live
Evermore alone!
Longing still to go
Where my love is gone.
Near that lonely mound,
To wildly weep and pray,
While above the grave
The robin sings all day.
Sing, little robin sing;
Tear my heart in twain!
Soon will come the day
When no more 't will pain.

E. DUDLEY.

May 28th, 1856.

T H E T R I A L .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

THE embers on the hearth were dead,
The lamp was almost gone;
And in the room
The sombre gloom
Of mid-night floated down:
The darkness of death and of mid-night
Commingle into one!

II.

Three maidens watched beside the dead —
Three maidens young and fair;
Two to weep,
And one asleep
Within her easy-chair:
'T would turn the brain of an anchorite,
Their beauty was so rare!

III.

At early dawn so cold and gray,
The sleeping beauty rose;
From off the head
Of the stately dead
She lifted the burial clothes:
'Had his life but lasted another year,
I might have wept its close.'

IV.

The second beauty dried her eyes;
Up flashed her soul of pride:
'His hand was mine,
His heart was mine,
I would he had not died!
Had his life but lasted another day,
I would have been his bride!'

V.

The other maiden bowed her head
To the dear form beneath;
Her bosom pressed
Upon his breast —
A kiss at every breath:
Lo! life flows back to the wasted frame!
And true love conquers death!

Grand Rapids, (Mich.,) Jan., 1857.

THE SONG OF THE BOHEMIAN GIPSY.

I HAVE always loved the Swiss. Whether William Tell is a fable or a truth, I have believed in him, and answer all objections to his historic position with these lines from our own free, mountain poet :

'CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
TELL ! of the iron heart, they could not tame !
For thou wert of the mountains. They proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.'

I like to think that men are better for being born among the mountains. It enlarges humanity to look on great objects, and the dweller among mountains has great and majestic neighbors. Their silence is eloquent to the mountaineer, and he dies if he cannot see them.

I like to remember those brave men who closed about Maria Antoinette, the immortal Swiss Guard ! To such men death is not fearful. They step but from one height to another. As from one snowy Alp another peak is attainable, so is the ascent easy from a loyal life to a glorious immortality.

So when I left the new world for the old, I determined to see if my conjectures were not true ; to see if the Swiss, beside being brave, were not a poet too. I knew he was religious ; I believed he must be a lover of beauty ; his cottage, his costume, his carvings told me that. I suspect, in fine, that I wrought myself into a belief that the rarified air of the mountains nourished a race somewhat advanced beyond our common humanity.

I had better fortune than most theorists, in at least one instance.

With that pleasant unbelief in my own good fortune, which attends us often when a long-cherished hope is being realized, I found myself ascending a romantic mountain-pass in the land of my fond enthusiasm.

Paris, gay and enchanting as it was to the untravelled American, did not for a moment erase my Swiss romance from my mind. So, shouldering a very traveller-like and picturesque knapsack, I left guide-books behind, and walked away from the great route. I had been directed to one of those mountain settlements known as Alps, where I was told I could find shelter and entertainment, the simple inhabitants being one and all hospitable, and accustomed to take care of the stranger who sought them.

The mountains lay all about me. At every step the scene became more and more solitary, silent, and magnificent. Just as the silence became oppressive to my unprepared ear, the sounds of the village came down to me. The lowing of the herds, the hum of life, and the sound of music.

A strange, wild air, yet not the fôgel of the mountaineer ; a mournful yet exquisite melody, such as Consuelo might have sung when she looked from the castle-wall toward the great road and sighed to be free. There was the unanimity of one instrument, and the melody of two in the music. Could it be a violin so well played in this remote

spot ? Presently a voice added itself to the instrument, wild and uncultivated like the air itself, yet a rich contralto.

A turn in my path, and a few steps brought me to the village, and the musicians were before me.

Two young men, with violins, were sitting before the door of a cottage. A young girl stood near them, and an old man sat within the door. As they saw me approach, one of the young men laid down his instrument and walked toward me. With natural courtesy he accepted my story, and invited me to enter and sup with them,

These preliminaries settled, I began to examine my surroundings, and the company to whom I had thus introduced myself.

The cottage was a comfortable specimen of its class ; its only ornament a picture of the 'great Captain.' The old man had been a soldier, and like all men who had served Napoleon, believed he had followed a demi-god. When the wars were over, he had come back to his mountains, there to fight his battles o'er again, and die at home. He was the father of the two young men, while 'Gertrude' was the daughter of a neighbor.

Gertrude was the possessor of the voice.

Both young mountaineers were well-looking. Twin brothers they told me. Alike in feature, yet differing in complexion. Wilhelm was fair-haired and blue-eyed, while Gottlieb had the finest dark eyes imaginable, and long black hair. His face was full of genius, and his eye burned in its socket like a coal of fire.

After we had supped and talked, I asked to hear the violins once more. I could but express my astonishment at the excellence of their performance. Wilhelm, who seemed the spokesman of the party, told me that they had picked up all they knew in their yearly visits to the fairs, whither they went to dispose of their chamois skins and the products of their simple industry. He said they lived but for one object, which was to earn money enough to go to Paris to study the art, and to take Gertrude with them that she might cultivate her voice. Gertrude's mother had promised them that when they should be ready, she and her daughter would go with them.

Gertrude having performed the few household duties of the establishment, prepared to take her departure. Both young men started to accompany her. When we were left alone, the old man told me his little story.

He had followed the army into Italy. One night he heard a beautiful voice singing the strange wild air which I had heard. He sought and found the singer. 'A peasant girl with wondrous dark eyes,' he said ; 'the eyes of Gottlieb.' When his fighting days were over, he went back to the sunny plains, found the voice and the wondrous eyes, and brought his Italian bride home to the mountains. But the transplanted flower had not thrived. She put her twin boys in his arms, and died, leaving but them and her song as her memorial.

'She called it 'The Song of the Bohemian Gipsy,' for once having given food to one of these strange people, the woman sang this air, and told her to remember it, and it would bring her a blessing.'

'And Gertrude ?' I asked.

'Is almost the sister of these boys. Gertrude's mother, my early

play-mate, and now old friend, took them from their dying mother and brought them up for me. The father and husband was killed while hunting, and his wife and child are doubly dear to us since they have no other dependence. All that we have is theirs, and you have heard how beautiful a voice Gertrude has. My sons will not go to Paris until Gertrude and her mother can go with them.'

This song, the wild Bohemian air, seemed the delicate chain which held them all together. It had been arranged by Gottlieb, and Gertrude's beautiful voice had added itself to the composition. I found it was a sort of evening hymn with them. They only played it at sunset. To their simple and devout souls it seemed sacred to the dead mother whose legacy it was, and I afterward saw them glance upward as its chords died away, as if expecting her benign face to look from the sky to bless them.

As they played to me again, I observed that great as was the pathos and feeling with which Gottlieb rendered his part, Wilhelm's achievement of the difficulties of the instrument was far greater. Gottlieb sometimes paused in despair as Wilhelm's adroit fingers swept the instrument and overcame it; but still the unanimity was wonderful. Sometimes one soul seemed to animate them. Again Gottlieb would swerve or fail, again take up the strain and go on triumphantly.

The arrangements were all by Gottlieb. It was beautiful to see how proud was each brother of the other's excellence. Wilhelm held his breath with delight while Gottlieb improvised. Gottlieb's eyes flashed with excitement and pleasure as Wilhelm seized the thought and adorned it with his skill. The great world-strife of Genius and Talent was going on here. Genius was dreaming, and Talent was acting. Genius suffered and created, Talent achieved and enjoyed.

When the day came, the brothers slung their guns on their broad shoulders, and departed for the chamois. It was Wilhelm who brought the burden back.

In the carved work which employed their leisure hours, Wilhelm's practical ability showed itself; but over his violin, Gottlieb breathed out his greatness. There shone the genius of the future composer.

Like many poetic and gifted people, Gottlieb was melancholy and reserved. He leaned much on the strong and buoyant Wilhelm. It was Wilhelm who planned and executed their little trade. It was he who talked and made the house cheerful; but Gottlieb was the one whom the old father best loved.

Deep was my regret when I was obliged to say farewell to my interesting new friends. They had verified all my hopes, and made true my belief in their nation. It was true, I might never find so much goodness, sympathy, and, above all, genius, as I had found here; but I was content with this one proof of what was possible; and with many good wishes on both sides, and hopes of again meeting, we parted.

Two years after this adventure, I found myself again in Central Europe. A diversified and somewhat perilous experience in Eastern travel had swept from my memory the Swiss hamlet and its inhabitants. I was in the music-loving city of Hamburg, and wandering in the public garden, glad to see again the peaceful Germans enjoying

themselves in the open air, and wondering when my own countrymen would learn to take life so sensibly and quietly,

Where had I heard that delicious strain of music before ? What association did it bring back to me ? A fresh breath of mountain air ; the lowing cattle ; the voices of women calling them ; the sad, low sound of the breeze among the mountains ; a low, plaintive movement ; notes dropping down through tender minors into a continuous chant ; then a song rising out of the midst like a bird from the depths of the forest.

It was 'The Song of the Bohemian Gipsy.' A delicious emotion possessed me. In all my travels I had found nothing so perfect in its way as this little Swiss idyll, and it gave me delight to renew my acquaintance with it. I soon found my young friends. They had succeeded. From their excellence when I heard them, they had gone onward to surpassing merit. They now belonged to a famous band which was going from city to city, and they were its chief ornaments.

The composition by which I had detected them was a pastoral symphony by Gottlieb, into which he had introduced the beloved song. It had made a name for the young composer, who was, however, more silent and more melancholy than ever.

Wilhelm told me with sparkling eyes, that Gertrude was a successful pupil of the Conservatoire ; that in a few weeks she was to sing in public ; and he begged me to accompany them to Paris to hear her.

It was with no small interest that I watched pupil after pupil ascend and descend the elevated platform, where the future Grisis and Persianis were to present themselves. I did not remember Gertrude's appearance. I only remembered that she was not striking in any way, that she was very young ; and therefore expectation had much to work upon.

A fair-haired, dignified, and most lovely girl at length ascended the platform. Her dress was white, and at her bosom she wore a bunch of the pale pink rhododendron. Her luxuriant hair formed a natural crown, with its glossy braid, around her head. From the respectful manner in which the other pupils came forward to listen, I knew that this was a pupil of merit.

She sang. A great thought of Handel was rendered with a purity and force most remarkable in one so young, so inexperienced.

Her voice, a contralto which has since enraptured Europe, was in its morning freshness. Time, which would not diminish its beauty, would add to its expression. She must love, she must suffer, before all its divine quality would reveal itself.

I had recognized Gertrude's voice, although her person was unknown. Perhaps I wondered how this peasant girl had so soon attained the highly intellectual and refined expression, both of voice and feature, which she possessed ; but I had but to look in her eyes, those great unconscious eyes, looking not at the material world, but into that invisible one which surrounds it, to recognize the presence of genius, and genius always works miracles.

When she had finished, and received the plaudits of the audience, she paused and looked earnestly at some one near me. I followed the

direction of her eyes, and saw her noble 'Swiss Guard,' the brothers Wilhelm and Gottlieb, standing, pale and with swimming eyes, each, too, with a kindred flower, the beautiful mountain rhododendron, at his breast. In this moment, the most proud, the most full of emotion, of their lives, they saw but each other. A look of unspeakable gratitude and love suffused Gertrude's face. She took the flower from her breast, kissed it, and waved it toward them.

To their industry and generosity she owed all that nature had not given her; and they, brave fellows, asked but her success.

The splendid abilities of Gertrude procured her a speedy engagement. She was to sing in opera. Wilhelm and Gottlieb desired no better fate than to get places in her orchestras. They, with the old mother, and Gertrude, would travel together always, Wilhelm said.

'Wilhelm, my dear fellow, have I not read a secret of yours?' I asked him, as he told me his plans. 'You love your beautiful and gifted Gertrude.'

The good fellow struggled with his emotion, but was entirely overcome by it as he said:

'Ah! worse than that; we both love her!'

My cheerful, gay Wilhelm, my brave mountaineer, was weeping bitterly. I saw there was a heart-break in either case. Gottlieb could never bear such a disappointment. I dreaded to see how much Wilhelm had wrapped his heart up in it. Could one bear even happiness at the expense of another? and could either live without her?

'My friend,' I reasoned with him after the cold fashion of a man who is *not* in love, 'Gertrude must decide, and whether she decide for or against, remember the world is wide, your art is engrossing, you have not seen all the fair maidens in the world; do not wrap up your happiness in her so completely.'

I was convinced that Gertrude could love but Gottlieb. They were kindred in greatness. They could understand a thousand things in each other into which the gay and practical Wilhelm had not entered.

I felt, too, that though Wilhelm would suffer, he was so strong that he could be saved, and that so valuable a life as his must not be thrown away on a disappointment, keen as I own this must be.

But I did not know women — who does? — and it was *Wilhelm* whom Gertrude loved! The brothers wrapped their arms about each other, and the grief of one was the grief of the other, and the happiness of one was the crown of both.

'Have I not loved him since I could speak?' said Gertrude mournfully to me. 'Have I not loved him since he threw his arms around me, and leaped the glacier when the avalanche was coming? Have I not always loved his kind and joyous face? Have I not leaned, as Gottlieb has, on his faith, his courage, his strong, manly heart? No, dear friend, I love them both; I would die for either as they have generously lived for me; but Wilhelm is my husband, my first, last, only love!'

The lovers had the deep alloy to their happiness that Gottlieb was sacrificed. He was calm and silent as ever ; but the light had gone out of his glorious eyes, the magic from his touch. He performed his duties mechanically, and smiled only when he met the eyes of Wilhelm imploringly fixed on his face. His love for his brother had not suffered or grown cold. It was now his only happiness.

A deep, abiding interest in Gertrude's success seemed to give him a reason for living ; so I was prepared to see him take his seat in the orchestra the night of her *débüt*.

Manfully Gottlieb played his part. Manfully he looked and saw how great she was. Manfully at the conclusion of the second act he grasped Wilhelm's hand.

One moment the eyes of the lovers met. One moment Gertrude trusted herself to look toward Wilhelm. The history of all their patient trust, of their glad fruition, was in that look. Gottlieb saw it. It was the one last blow ; his head sank on his shoulder, and the red blood gushed from his mouth. I saw Wilhelm catch him in his arms ; a confusion in the orchestra, and I left the theatre.

Gottlieb but lived to reach his beloved home. It was permitted to me to accompany the sad little group on their melancholy journey.

Wilhelm and Gertrude, with self-accusing looks, ministered to Gottlieb perpetually. They felt that they had killed him, and their whole thought seemed to be to obtain his forgiveness. They did not reason that to them had been given the harder part, *to live* ; while to him, the man of genius and fervor, was given the great boon, *to die*.

On such an August evening as that in which I first saw the young musicians, Gottlieb felt the terrible approach of death. As in every emotion of life he had called upon Wilhelm, he was his first thought now.

Wilhelm held him in his strong arm, that arm which had been always his support and stay, and comforted him with his firm, faithful voice.

'My brother, pray for me.'

Wilhelm prayed as seldom mortal prays. A manly trust sustained his heart, and Love and Faith bore the prayer aloft.

'Gertrude ! my sister !'

The feeble strength of the dying man enabled him to draw her toward him, and he imprinted on her brow one last kiss.

For a moment he sank back exhausted by the effort ; but he roused himself again to ask for his father's blessing.

The poor old man, kneeling by the bed-side, extended his trembling hand over the head of his best beloved child, and blessed him.

'Gertrude ! sing my mother's song !'

Gertrude looked at Wilhelm, and from his great heart drew strength to raise her voice in the 'song which brought a blessing.'

Amid the shadows of the majestic mountains, surrounded by all he loved, and on the wings of that noble and beloved voice, the soul of the young musician passed away forever.

T R U S T O N .

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. ADELE CARLETON.

It cannot be, 'tis but an idle story,
That deep deceit does every bosom fill;
It cannot be, earth has some lingering glory,
And many an unseen spirit walks here still.

It cannot be that all we meet are faithless,
That fondest words act but the falsest part:
Love may be found, love firm, and strong, and deathless,
And pure enough to fill a seraph's heart.

Ah! well I know that faith will often languish,
When those we trust, with JANUS-looks we see:
None have mourned this, fair friend, in deeper anguish
Than he who whispers now, trust on, to thee.

But wouldst thou turn, nor watch the glory beaming
In yon fair sky a sea of wavy gold,
Because some cloud there with its gorgeous gleaming,
May nurse the lightening in its fleecy fold?

When friend meets friend, affection's look returning,
When hand clasps hand in pressure soft and warm,
Why must we fear a hidden hate is burning?
Why in the wind's low breathing hear the storm?

Ah! who could deem the eyes we see around us,
So clear, so kind, so faithful, and so gay,
Whose lingering glances with a spell have bound us,
Charm, like the serpent's gaze, but to betray?

Who could live thus? I'd rather far be lying
Unknown, unwept, in some forgotten grave;
With naught but zephyr dirge above me sighing,
Than thus to live suspicion's gloomy slave.

Oh! by the light life's early path adorning!
Oh! by the love that hallowed infant years!
Oh! by the hope that glowed in youth's fond morning!
And by the memory of bitter tears;

Dream not that TRUTH has spread her snowy pinions,
And winged her way far from the homes of earth;
That this glad world is but a fiend's dominion,
Where naught but evil thoughts and things have birth.

Trust on, trust on, O lady! fearful-hearted,
Let no such dread thy generous bosom fill:
Trust on, though Eden's glory has departed;
Full many a bud is left to blossom still.

Believe, be true, be gay, be glad as ever;
Leave these dark fancies, and their gloom forget:
Fear not, those live who could betray us never:
Kind hearts, fond hearts, dear hearts are left us yet.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER FOURTEENTH.

SCARCELY any body who ever had the honor to serve on guard at the garita of San Antonio feels inclined to give a favorable report of that particular locality. The assistant-adjutant-general, whose province it was to announce the detail for that place, must have often been conscious that he was thereby encouraging profanity; for every body, excepting myself, considered an appointment for a tour of duty at that demolished gate of the city, to be a temporary banishment. Nearly all the officers execrated the fate that sent them thither: so did not I. Somewhat in the spirit of the ancient growler, Diogenes, (Dogknees we innocently used to call him at school) — who, when waited upon by a delegation of the citizens of Athens, with the information that the people had condemned him to live out of that city, retorted by condemning them to live in it — I generally thought it a relief to be out of the way. Not that I too am a snarling cynic, but a philosopher.

There was some reason for the aversion that was entertained to a four-and-twenty hours' stay at San Antonio. To most of the subs it was a tantalizing drag by day, and a fertile source of annoyance by night; but to me it was by no means unpleasant, inasmuch as it afforded that piquant sauce, adventure. Let me be the historian of my own reign in that contemptible village, which the fastidiousness of my fellow-soldiers has caused them to slight, as unworthy of note. It would be unjust in me not to hand down a record of my administration in that suburban village, where for several days I was *ex-officio* chief-magistrate, as well as commander-in-chief over the military forces there assembled, in fact, having the powers of an *adelantado* of the old rule. To say that my sway was unlimited and uncontrolled by virtue of the high civil and military functions reposed in me, is only a pardonable license of words. My troops numbered, all told, forty infantry, nine dragoons, and four artillery-men. With Cæsar, I could feel that it is better to be the first in a village than second in Rome.

That station was distant about three miles from the National Palace, at a point where the Custom-house — not a rare class of buildings thereabouts — had been fortified, and the avenue escarped and ditched. There it was that the dauntless Phil. Kearney, with his company of dragoons, had trodden upon the heels of the flying foe, after the battle of Churubusco; and there it was that the enemy turned upon their pursuers, after their leap over the mud rampart, and killed Major Mills, who had joined in the chase for sport, and exacted from the gallant Captain a toll in the shape of his left arm, barely allowing him to escape with the other; and there it was that Captain Steptoe, with his flying artillery, had let fly iron missiles, until nearly all the mason-work had tumbled to the ground, or had been pierced like the top of a pepper-box. A twelve-pounder gun, and another of double that calibre, thrust their muzzles through the embrasures, so as to command the only acces-

sible road in front ; and within a convenient distance, there was plenty of assorted food for them. Had it not been for the severe cannonading bestowed upon the principal building, our men might have been given to the effeminate luxury of sleeping under a roof. As it was, the only remnant of the screen that hid the glorious heavens from view, was a strip of ceiling of a few yards in width ; but that was sufficient at a pinch, to shelter the soldiers from the droppings of the clouds, beside affording protection to my grass hammock that was slung between two pillars. The warriors did not sleep very much, for they soon discovered that the secret of perpetual motion lay in the straw that the former occupants had kindly left on the floor. The industrious fleas were at home there. I am afraid that the constant illustrations of phlebotomy were not taken in good part by the lodgers beneath my pendent couch. They did not regard the advantage of such assistance in keeping off torpidity in the hour of danger. I had no reason to complain, having foreseen the consequences of a sojourn there. So much greater was the inducement to remain in the roofless atmosphere, and contemplate the picturesque scenery.

The more humble mud-built abodes of the natives, about a hundred of which were scattered in the vicinage, had been vacated on account of the racket raised about their heads by cannon-balls and shells ; and not many had cared to return to their ruined homes. My jurisdiction, therefore, was confined to a fluctuating populace and such persons as were compelled by circumstances to pass through the eye of the needle, on their way into town ; although many of the natives did remain at the post during the day-time, for the purpose of driving a two-penny trade.

The municipal regulations had imposed a heavy tax upon tobacco and some other articles of consumption that came under our notice ; and it was a part of our instructions to do honor to that admirable fiscal ordinance, and thereby increase the revenues of Uncle Sam. With unsurpassed fidelity did the nephews of their uncle perform their thankless task. Not a single civilian eluded a search for the contraband commodities ; and confiscation immediately followed any detected attempt to defraud the treasury. I do not pretend to state that the books of the Treasury Department bear any great evidence of the expertness of my troops, for that might be misconstrued into a boast ; but I do mean to assert, that after such a tour of duty, it was manifest that the seizure and destruction clause had been applied to the pernicious weed, and that great restriction had been imposed upon the vending of intoxicating fluids. Not a bottle of *calatan* was suffered to pass by to defile the town, not a pig-skin of *pulque* wiggled on the back of mule or donkey that was not tapped, though moderately, of its grateful beverage ; not a roll of the narcotic plant escaped a visitation, until all of the men who could avoid the eye of their officer would have indulged in the luxuries that were so cheap to them. As for the great variety of fruits and vegetables, they were not required to pay a very heavy toll to the custodians of the treasury. The natives were so habituated to the extortions of their own kith and kin, that they did not see any great hardship in the continuance of the custom.

In the search for smuggled goods, my assistants would sometimes discover concealed weapons. Such an infraction of law would certainly bring condign punishment upon the offender. My prime-minister, the orderly-sergeant, would report any important arrest to me, but would sometimes defer so doing until he had meted out a foretaste of the penalty for malversation. An ill-looking fellow was detected with a keen-edged knife hidden in his bosom.

‘Corporal Allison,’ said my worthy subordinate, ‘tie this chap up to that post, and let him know, in your best Spanish, that he is to be shot in just three minutes by my watch.’

If the culprit had known that only an apocryphal time-piece had been referred to, in connection with the termination of his existence, he would have been easier in mind; but he did not know that; then the inflexible little corporal fastened him with his hands behind the post, and a shooting party stepped to the front. The minister of the law relented under the protestations of the prisoner, and commuted the sentence by granting life and a flagellation with a stout whip.

I accidentally heard the order of the sergeant, and interfered in time to prevent a very severe castigation, and sent the yelling knife-owner, under charge of two dragoons, to the main guard-house in the city. He mounted his mule, and his guard their horses, and set off for prison. The dragoons came back with the mule, reporting that the *lépéros* had blocked up the street near the market, while the prisoner had flung himself to the ground and escaped. Perhaps they told the truth — perhaps they did — but nobody believed them. A largess may have worked upon their sympathy. They felt disappointed in not receiving a present of the mule for their honesty in bringing it back. The infantry thought that they had the best right to the plunder. As in duty bound, I retained possession of the animal, and finally when the quartermaster refused to receive it, abandoned the bone of contention to all who claimed a share; but the captors did not have the face to make any demand.

Now let us look at the night duty. With the coming of darkness the vigilance of the sentinels was put to the proof. The enemy, in front, was not half so much to be dreaded as the general officer of the day, in the rear. There was one high functionary who used to come flying into the midst of the various detachments on guard, with the wicked desire of surprising the posts. Sometimes he caught a weasel, but not asleep. Wo to the laggard that fell into his clutches. Two could play at that game. My order to the sentinels was, to fire upon the first person who should presume to impose upon good nature, whether that person were general officer or not. No recognition without the password. The alacrity with which the order was obeyed was quite amusing to me, but not so to the offender against discipline. Clatter came the hoofs down the avenue. A hoarse challenge. An attempt to trifle with the sentinel, who declines to parley, and repeats his demand to know who went there. The intruder spurred up his steed. Bang! The foiled individual discovered his error and gave the word. Proclamation was then duly made of the advent of the general officer of the day, and he and his aids were received in the usual man-

ner. He came near receiving a punctured hide, and was taught a lesson.

I was lying in my hammock one wet night when the visiting superior officer was announced. Of course my accoutrements had not been removed. In the haste to be prepared to receive the visitor, my sabre got entangled, while my spurs almost defied separation from the treacherous meshes that bound down my heels; but the ranks formed promptly, and ere the horse-shoes struck fire from the stones in front of our quarters, we were all in place, as motionless as statues.

'Officer of the guard!' exclaimed the foremost of the mounted figures, in an indistinct nasal blurt.

I indicated my whereabouts in a curt reply, indignant that a drunken frolic should have called us out in such inclement weather. To each of his many replies he received a concise response, that to some might have seemed surly. I could not see his face, nor guess who it was that had availed himself of rank to drop in at such an unseasonable hour. With a recommendation to me that vigilance should be maintained, as it was not impossible for the enemy to give us a turn, and an intimation from me that I knew my duty and would perform it, the colloquy ended and the conference was over. My reflections were any thing but favorable to the individual with the defective voice. If a man desires respect he must respect himself first. The rebuke that I intended did not turn out very cutting, inasmuch as it was not understood.

'The old General's every inch a soldier! I served with him in the Florida war, where that rifle-bullet spoiled his pipes.'

'Eh? What's that?' I inquired eagerly of the man who had thus addressed a comrade.

'I was only saying, Sir, that General Riley was ——'

'General Riley! Oh! yes; I did n't recognize him. Sure enough it was the General.'

So I had been guilty of a mental defamation of character; yes, a trifle more. Then the remembrance of the gallant veteran's gruff lisp, caused by a shot from an Indian, came distinctly to mind, although I had never before heard him speak. I deferred making an apology. Much to my relief, none was requisite. In his report to head-quarters, General Riley gave me an honorable mention for prompt and officer-like bearing and highly commendable alertness on duty. That taught me not to be in haste to make the *amende honorable* until it was certain an offence had been committed; and, in pursuance of my new rule, when an awkward passer-by trips me up, I allow him to do what is sometimes done by the wrong party, that is, to ask pardon. But to return to San Antonio.

The hints that the General had thrown out led me to think that more guests would visit our post than could be conveniently accommodated. A word to the wise is sufficient. Our arms were carefully inspected, and the most clear-sighted men placed on guard. There had been whispers of suspicion that the disaffected citizens and the disbanded troops intended to make an *emeute*. As the rain slackened, the wind seemed to bear on its wings the murmur of tongues and the clatter of feet; but as the videttes would at times talk to each other, in spite of

orders to the contrary, and as surprise-parties generally have the wit to hold their prate, the faintly-heard sounds did not make much sensation. Yet we were not entirely free from a nervous anxiety in the prospect of a turn-up. When it was so late that honest men should be asleep, and none but the evil-disposed and uneasy sprites are supposed to be stirring about, our nerves were braced up by what we heard. The most distant vidette fired his carbine; and then the nearer one did the same, and dashed up to us, with the pass-word on the tip of his tongue. Presently the horse of the other came in on a trot. Who could not see all at a glance! Several of the videttes of our army had on different nights been lassoed, dragged from their stirrups, and carved up before they could have time to think. Only two pieces had been fired, and we could not mistake the ring of our carbines; so we concluded that the missing man had been choked to death. We preserved a quiet, in hope that the expected visitors would come within a loving embrace. The two cannon were so planted as to sweep the road. Each musket was grasped the tighter, while the dragoons stood by their horses, ready to mount, or to act on foot. It was just exciting enough to be agreeable. The darkness was too thick to be penetrated by human sight, however sharp, and the most lynx-eyed could catch no glimpse of newcomers. When almost out of patience, because they did not bestir themselves more briskly, and come and receive their drubbing, the way boys are accustomed to do at the school-master's beck, the rumbling of wheels in the distance saluted our expectant ears. Could we contend with a large force? Ay, could we: so much the more glory in it. In fifteen minutes the noise of cannonading would bring reinforcements to our assistance; and until that time it was doubtful if we could be driven from our position. All was again still. Not a sound did we make for thirty seconds — a long, long time — when the propitious moment was about to open. Then came echoes of steps and a stifled sound of feet moving through the mud.

'Steady, men! Wait for the order before you fire.' A caution was necessary.

Reflections: the auspicious moment for becoming distinguished or extinguished was at hand. Ha! notice in general orders, in which would be recited somewhat as follows: Night attack upon the out-post of San Antonio; gallant defence by the Spartan band, under command of So-and-so, etc.

Nearer, still nearer came the footsteps.

'Ready, men,' I said in a low tone.

'Don't fire! It's only m-e-e, d-o-n't ——'

'T'other dragoon,' suggested an artillery-man. He was right. It was poor Pilgarlick, so soaking wet and muddy, that dark though it was, we could easily tell that he had been in the ditch. Every faculty was nearly paralyzed by terror and chillness. By dint of shaking he was brought to a realizing sense of his condition, and then he essayed a report. Anti-climax: a slim chance of laurels. He said, that while in his saddle, keeping a sharp look-out, he saw an object slowly moving from under the stone bridge just below him, and in a minute or so more he saw it move again, until it was about to spring toward him, upon

which he fired. He could not be certain of the effect of the discharge, for he just then struck spurs so deep into the sides of his horse that it reared and threw him into the nasty water. His manner was quite ludicrous and his teeth chattered with the cold of his drenched garments. No other material circumstance had come within the knowledge of the narrator. The other vidette who until then had been entirely overlooked, stated that he had fired to give the alarm, and simply because his neighbor had done so.

Mounting a horse, I begged that the adventurer would guide me to the scene of his exploit, having indeed but a very slender faith in his partially incoherent narrative.

'There! — right there! ejaculated my guide, upon which we stopped our animals, and peered at the ground a few paces farther on. He pointed with a grim satisfaction to the foul wretch who had attempted to bereave him of life.

Dead men tell no tales, nor do they harm. There lay a white object, sure enough. The terror of my companion did not abate as we advanced to the prostrate figure. It was indeed a dead body; but when the course of life had been terminated, was not so manifest. It was the bleaching carcass of a horse! Imagination had done the rest. We silently returned. I saw no particular good in exposing the soldier to ridicule, particularly after learning that his mind was somewhat affected by recent illness.

When day dawned we saw a coach and horses fast in the deep mud of a cross-road, and ascertained that a party of belated foreigners had contributed to our annoyance, not daring to call out lest they should be slaughtered through mistake.

GLORY.

At last the guerdon of my toil!
Now I shall gain the jewelled wreath:
Did victor ever win such spoil?
Leap! glittering blade, leap from thy sheath.
That bauble, sparkling bright,
Dazzled the soldier's sight.

That gorgeous globe of beauty, tinged with all
The hues that dye the mist o'er sunlit fall,
The laurel, linked with immortality,
Were then within his grasp. But what reality!
The air-blown bubble broke!
Was gone! — the wreath was smoke!

(Not a very) OLD AUTHOR.

My vigil of four-and-twenty hours made such an addition to the long arrears of sleep due to me, that it cannot be wondered that, for half a day after being relieved, I reposed in a state of solid forgetfulness.

My awakening was upon a night dark and destitute of joy, gladness, comfort. In-doors there was a damp dreariness that rendered any thing but somnolency peculiarly unpleasant. If fair weather in that land was to us remarkably buoyant and exhilarating to the spirits; so its opposite — to all who had not opportunity to mingle in the dissipation and gayeties that were so rife — caused a corresponding mental depres-

sion, which the surroundings did not tend to alleviate. There was no domestic circle to allure the mind from its sombre imaginings, no antidote to the dull feeling of despondency that affected the languid tenants of the numerous temporary hospitals, for such indeed were all the habitations of our troops. Even our own wide room had its sick. We had rescued a pet lad of seventeen, named Edward Hottezke, a political refugee from Germany, and had cheated the common receptacle for our sick soldiers of a patient under the influence of brain-fever. The boy's bed was near mine, and it was a miracle that in his flightiness he did not sabre his best friend in his slumbers. When his ravings had aroused me, I happened to think of some others who were tossing with fever, or gritting their teeth with the agony of wounds; others who did not neglect me when I came within an ace of leaving a vacancy.

The rain came down in a deluge; but that did not perceptibly lighten the surcharged cloud that, like a funeral pall, spangled at the edges by stars that dimly twinkled, hung over the city. The streets were deserted, save by now and then a firmly-treading patrol or sentinel, or occasional muffled figures flitting through the gloom. Those might have been outcasts prowling with nefarious design upon the unwary, or they perhaps were proper persons on errands of mercy or other matters that did not bear to be deferred; nobody stopped to inquire which. What a time it was for an excursion on foot! Yet there were some who could not be intimidated by the pelting discharge from the heavens. The attraction was too powerful for such to withstand. An immense building, brilliantly illuminated from pavement to the highest story, had a gathering of bewitched human beings. Hazard-loving natives, officers whose pay-rolls had been cashed months in advance to supply funds, and keen-scented army-followers, were wont to congregate there for frantic nocturnal revels. It was the most extensive gambling-hell in the city, a moral charnel-house, licensed by the municipal authorities, and well encouraged by desperate Mammon-worshippers, a class of men whose haggard faces bear unmistakable traces of the heart-corroding passion. No loud oaths nor ribald jests desecrated the solemnity of the hour; for it was not one of the places that enjoyed unbridled license, and where the most abandoned men of both nations met in wicked embrace; but it was an establishment frequented by gentlemen, the same house that was one night suddenly closed by a certain brigadier, whose exalted civil position since that time has given him a world-wide notoriety, and whom compunctious visitings kept away until he had lost all his money at the *monte*-table; and it was that place that the governor of the city, General Quitman, directed to be immediately reopened, for it was beyond his province, being under the protection of the government of the land. The haunted atmosphere of the scene did not well accord with my reflections, and so soon as the storm that had driven me to seek refuge there had somewhat abated, my excursion was recommenced. In about fifteen minutes I was on the outskirts of the town. The thoroughfares were flooded, and the walking as dangerous on that account as it was from the hordes of dogs of all degrees, whose howlings and barks made a very unmusical accompaniment to the fitful blasts of the storm-breeze.

In what was yet a stately mansion, despite the ravages of time, and which may have been the domicile of some knightly *conquistador*, long since consigned with his name to oblivion, a wounded friend had taken up his abode. He had chosen that secluded spot because it would probably be free from intrusion, there to nurse his lance-cut, or sigh out his soul in comparative solitude. His trusty servant, like a faithful retainer of the olden time, did not slight the duties of his office, but was always at hand; and for a defence, he was worth more than a garrison of mere mercenaries who could not have felt for their charge the solicitude that he did. Our language had become so unfamiliar in that retreat that the worthy Michael received me as if I were a spectre; and it was only after some moments before he could assure himself that real flesh and blood supported my drenched cloak.

'Indade, Sir, but it's meself that's glad to see you, for it's kilt I thought you was when the big shot knocked agin you at San Cosmé.'

'Is the Captain asleep?' I inquired after a warm salutation.

'Ay indade is he, Sir; and it's little waking he'll be doing agin. That's what put me into a mighty trimble more nor the yellow-skins ever give me. To be left all alone, and *sich* doings!'

'Is he — gone — then?'

'Surely; and well out of trouble he is too; and a fine good Christian he was; and when the kind lady-superior kim from the convent, right back of here, and brought him fresh fruit, he used to converse wid her in Mixican, and look very heavenly, so he did. He sent me to ask Chaplain McCarty, at General Scott's, if he would not visit him; and a rale Christian is that same chaplain if he is a — (*heretic*, he would have said.) Then, when the good chaplain used to talk to him, he seemed much better in mind, and he used to read the good book that he had in his trunk. Within a couple of days the poor Captain got very quare, though as gintle as a lamb; and to-day he hardly took any notice of me, so that I think he got a little touched here, (tapping his forehead.) A little before dark this evening, he woke up from a doze, and his eyes opened so bright, and he looked pleased, and held out his arms just as if a little burd was a-flying round him. Poor gintleman! O Sir! did you ever see any thing so happy as he looked! and his lips moved as he would try to talk to something in the air, and he looked so heavenly that me heart kim up in me troat, and I nearly choked in concaling me grief, as I saw, do you percaive, Sir, that his head was turned. He did not mind me when I spoke in a whisper to him, and seemed not to see any thing but the burdies he thought was about him. Dear me! I got into a perfect trimble when he unclasped his hands and lifted himself up out of bed, just as if some invisible sperit was carrying him off; and he raised up — up — and whin me wits was a-going quite and I almost thought that I could see something white standing in the dark beside him, he sunk gintly back as I held me arm under his shoulder. I spoke to him softly first, then louder, but he was gone. But he looks so like life that I did not dare to touch him, until some body should come. You will stay all night, Sir, will you not, now?'

My conscience smote me for not having sooner come, and I had no

disposition to leave until all should be over. The superstitious Michael followed behind me to the room where the remains of my late friend lay. He was right when he said that life appeared not to have flown; for the fine intelligent eyes were wide open, and animation seemed but to be suspended. What a flood of recollections did that sight recall! Our many unreserved conversations and mutual confidences; the hopeful setting out on an honorable career and its clouded termination; and the blighted aspirations of the manly, gifted spirit who had inhabited the frail though finely-formed figure before me. A small pocket-Bible lay open on the table by the bed-side. My friend probably had been reading Ecclesiastes Twelve, some verses of which were underlined in pencil. That circumstance and the sight of several little mementos of affectionate regard induced the train of thought, the penning of which whiled away the lonely duration of darkness.

‘O LIFE! this is the acme of thy round.
 Set is thy sun ere scarce thy noon is reached;
 Yet may we hope that, when thy night is past,
 A morn more glorious far than any here
 Awakes by angel-song the soul set free.
 This dismal night, more melancholy made
 By mongrel’s howl, has yet its cheering tones,
 As, mingling with the murmuring of the breeze,
 A touching cadence from a convent cell
 Is carolled by a nun who must have loved;
 And her sweet voice comes like a healing balm
 To soothe my troubled soul. Death is not sad,
 When viewed but as the transit of a shade.
 O spark immortal! now indeed thy home
 Is that blest Paradise that blooms in youth,
 Perennial in surpassing loveliness,
 Transcending all that Ponce De Leon dreamed!
 How listless are those messengers of sound,
 Who tidings of the world without conveyed
 Into the many chambers of the brain.
 O sense oft drunk with melodies that charm!
 When subtle fingers, with perception keen,
 Swept trembling strings, and rich mellifluous waves
 Of sound welled forth; and when symphonious breath
 Evoked concords electric, ye were wont
 To catch each dulcet note’s vibrating thrill,
 Each modulated strain, as Song’s own soul
 With that of Man communed.
 But lo! do spheres
 Not hymn aloud to Him by whom attuned,
 As they revolving render choral praise?
 Do not the morning stars triumphant sing
 Again, and pour forth pæans only heard
 By spirits purified from aught of earth
 That clogs the essence in this mortal state?
 Ye orbs, of diamonds emulous of yore,
 When Beauty thrall’d you as by sorcerer’s spell:
 In which reflected inmost thoughts were read,
 By fires that shone through windows of the soul:
 Why lead-like now? Why dance no more in mirth
 And joy? Have filmy screens shut out all beams?
 Cannot the rain-bow’s hues delight you more?
 Bright did ye gleam when first volcanic mounts
 With frosts eternal loomed with soaring heads;
 When Orizaba’s towering diadem
 Of blazing gems in rays prismatic glowed,
 Beneath the orient sun! when the blue vault
 Did seem to rest on castellated heights

Of frozen light, as if to join both worlds
 By airy ladder, such as JACOB saw.
 Cannot your vision sweep the firmament,
 Where wheeling planets cross each other's path,
 And see afar, among the stellar hosts,
 This world of ours — an atom in the scale?
 And mouth, of late so eloquent! whence poured
 The strain unstudied from the burning heat!
 Why closed are now thy portals? Why utterance
 Of subdued grief and passion fierce forbid,
 Which in their freshness fluttered on thy lips
 In lingering flow, or like the current swift
 Of winter's stormy stream, in torrents rolled!
 It seemed that thou wert touched with hallowed fire,
 As then were clothed in words the thought sublime:
 But thou dost move no more, instinct with life.
 Ye nostrils, which imbibed the breath of spring,
 Perfumed by orange groves and myriad plants,
 Whose scents exhaled in flower-enamelled vales,
 Your magic is all gone! your sense all sealed.
 What broke the golden bowl that held the brain,
 Where Reason on her throne did guide the reins
 Of all the faculties? The fine-wrought nerves,
 Concentrated at that throne, no more fly forth,
 Transmitting to the eyes the power to see,
 The hearing to the ears, motion to lips,
 Diffuse throughout the wondrous frame the sense
 Of feeling, exquisite, all functions give
 Of life! Not age relaxed the silvery cord,
 Whose white, resplendent threads a thousand ways
 Out-branched, like sensate telegraphic wires:
 Nor did the almond blossom on that brow;
 Yet still the buckets at the fountain crushed,
 And all of Music's daughters are brought low.

That smile ecstatic tells that thou didst glide
 With mind untroubled from this scene of care.
 Did memory then renew those days of bliss,
 When loved thou wert full well? Didst thou again
 Hear tones assuring that two souls in one
 Were blent? that mystic union formed by God's
 Own law. Yes! thou didst feel that one a world
 Beside displaced; and thy heart's chill dissolved
 Like snow-flakes bathed in sun. Alone no more,
 Alone! no dear one, she was ever near
 Before thy mental gaze, as erst in days
 When first your young affections intertwined
 Like pliant branches, and your nestling hearts
 In unison did throb. It seemed that still
 Your breath commingled, as the warbling lips
 From her pure spirit into thine transfused
 A sympathetic balm. No night so dark
 But thou couldst see her radiant smile, no day
 Had pain but thought of her dispelled.

And when
 Ambition lit her torch that inly burned,
 And like an *ignis fatuus* lured thy steps
 To this fair land, where circling seasons joined
 By vernal wreath weave a bright, flowery chain,
 Who could then see a pitfall in thy path?
 COLUMBIA (emulating Rome's proud dame,
 CORNELIA, who called her sons her jewels,
 With pride maternal, such as thee displayed,
 In all the flush of manhood's active prime:
 Her sons who gladly hailed the day of strife
 That closed upon their decimated ranks.
 But who then wept, when morning showed the sight
 That brought to mind the tale of eastern clime:
 Where weary travellers threw themselves beside

Rich poppy-fields, which lulled to sleep, then stole
Away their lives! a fitting parallel.

Lest thou shouldst rear an idol in thy heart
And not adore the Being increate,
Of whom thy soul is but an effluence dim,
She was removed; *she* was etherealized.
How could they say she died? First in thy thoughts
Her image always lived; and 'fore thy gaze
A floating form, as if instinct and light
Did marble animate; and on her cheek
A vermil tint blushed through the clear white pearl:
Yet none but thee beheld celestial shape
(Like that the eye of faith to Spaniards showed,
When sainted MARY led their battle-van,)
None thought that one redeemed then hovered near,
Who joyed, when on a foeman's lance was borne
A welcome summons to rejoin thy love.

That name lisped forth by thee from lips all pale,
Thy Guardian Angel called; and all life's sweets,
In that brief space compressed, made thy last hour
The happiest, holiest of thine earthly span.
The past came rolling back; and bright thine eyes
Exultant beamed upon thy spirit-bride:
Then was renewed thy youth; then thou didst list
The rustling whirl of viewless plumed wings:
That sound prelude of seraphic choirs.

As upward springs the lark on joyous wing,
When purpling morn peeps o'er the eastern hills,
So hence, on thine eternal morn, ye twain
In shining garb did rise to heavenly realms.

W. H. BROWNE.

S T A N Z A S : T H E R I D D L E .

BY J. L. B.

I.

My lady is certainly pretty,
My lady is certainly fair:
She's charming, she's graceful, she's witty,
She sings like a bird in the air;
But then, sure the deuce must be in it!
I think she is all I could love;
Her glance, when by chance I can win it,
Lacks something my pulses to move.

II.

I'm cold, or she must be colder,
(I wonder now which it can be:)
Or the love, with which others behold her,
Would waken some feeling in me.
'T is puzzling, indeed quite a riddle,
When one cannot read his own heart;
But finds, when he gets to the middle,
He's just where he was at the start.

III.

Do I love her, or not? that's the puzzle,
And who shall unravel the thread
That binds up my heart like a muzzle,
And smothers the thoughts in my head?
If I thought now it would not o'ertask her,
My fancies to take from the shelf,
Like a bundle of books, I would ask her,
This minute to read me myself!

IV.

Do I love her, or not? will she tell me?
If so I should much like to know;
And where that same passion befel me?
And how does its presence here show?
And then when my heart, beyond doubt, it
Is clear she has truthfully shown,
I venture to hope, while about it,
She'll tell me the state of her own.

A F A T E .

BY C. D. G.

I.

A WAIL ! for what ? for a broken heart
That cracks with a grief it dare not own :
Or one that slowly withers, apart,
Hard, hopeless, and alone ?

II.

For neither ! for neither ! This wail shall rise
For a heart that dies a bitterer death ;
With a hope in its fiercest agonies —
A cheer in its latest breath !

III.

Ay ! a cheer and a hope, like those that mock
The clinging plant on the sea-ward turf ;
Torn forth from its pedestal of rock
By the rude and angry surf :

IV.

Torn forth and flung, on the bitter crest,
To the Nessus' grip of an icy plain ;
Where sun nor shower dare pause for rest
In the night of the Arctic Main.

V.

A taunting cheer hath the trembling plant,
In its ceaseless prayer for the tardy day ;
And a lying hope, in its parchéd pant
For a rain-drop gone astray.

VI.

A lying hope ! If an errant cloud
Speed downward a spying drop of rain,
'T is midway wrapped in an icy shroud
By the frost-king of the Main !

VII.

And a taunting cheer ! When the prayer-won Light
On the ice-berg's summit afar is shed,
The plain still cowers in a pitiless night,
And the suppliant plant is dead !

VIII.

And the heart that trusts for a constant strength
To the strength of another, as frail as fair,
Shall die, like the polar plant at length,
In the Arctic Main of Despair !

Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1856.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

It is not well to take a man always by his looks, but it happens sometimes that the first opinion formed at the first glance, turns out to be the correct one. The man before me at that moment was a perfect Hercules, and I felt not a little surprised as well as pleased, that I was able to shake his grasp from my shoulder. The time came when the finger of a pale-faced, delicate-limbed individual, conveyed more weight in its touch, upon the arm of this huge specimen, than his broad and bony hand did upon my person on that occasion. It was some months afterward, and he then found, that shake as he might, and raise his muscular limb as he might, even if he had the power of twenty men in its folds, he could not for one instant of time cease to feel the feather weight of that finger upon him, and it never relinquished its pressure, but held him down, his master and his victor. He did not dream that his destiny was fixed forever in this world, and probably in the next, when, on that quiet noon, he touched the unoffending person of a stranger : but so it did come to pass in the end.

But I have to deal with him now ; others, it will appear, dealt with him afterward, and to that afterward I will postpone my reader.

With my gun grasped firmly in my hand, I looked him full in the face.

And what a face it was that looked back upon me. Strange as it may appear, but the first thought that flashed across my mind was, that it would have been better if I had aimed my rifle at the tiger in my front, than at the fleeting deer, who had slain the no more dangerous reptile in its path. The serpent was dead before my eyes, but the giant beast, with his brow knit, and fanged mouth clenched firm, was living, and apparently ready to do any wrong his wickedness might prompt.

Do not suppose that I felt as self-possessed and cool as I do at this moment ; but it was necessary for me to rally to my aid all the energies of my mind, and assume the semblance of a calmness that I really did not feel, though I was not so craven as to yield one inch of ground to the insolent-looking ruffian who had ventured his interference in my conduct. Acting upon this policy, I addressed him in a quiet tone that took him off his guard :

‘Are you the sheriff of the county, my worthy Sir ?’ were the first words I uttered. There was so much of apparent innocence and greenness in my manner, that I perceived at once he was puzzled as to what course he should pursue. However, he did not hesitate long, for he advanced another step toward me, his brow still lowering. I now began to think it was some madman with whom I had to deal. ‘No, I’m no d — d sheriff ; but you may be one, and if you are, the devil take

you out of this. I say again, what right have you to shoot in these woods — who gave you leave to shoot here ?’

‘Who gives you the right to stop me if I want to shoot ?’ I quietly reinterrogated.

‘I give it to myself, and I tell you that if you do n’t move off you ’ll see —’

‘My good friend, if you raise your arm that way again, I assure you I shall bring the butt end of the rifle down upon your head.’ The words had scarcely escaped my lips, when I saw his hand rapidly extended toward my throat, with the fingers stretched as if to clutch me to the death. So rapid was his movement, though not entirely unexpected, that I had barely time to spring on one side and lift the gun in the air, with the full intention of letting it fall, with whatever of force it might, upon his bushy, cap-covered head. If it had done so, my first adventure in the forest would have been somewhat different from my expectations. He had sense enough left to see the danger to which he was exposing his noddle, and accordingly he changed his tactics of warfare, and I observed that he was looking around him, evidently for some heavy stick, by the aid of which he might equalize the combat. Again I thought it necessary to give him a piece of advice. ‘If I see you stoop to pick up any thing larger than a straw, I will bring the butt end of my gun down upon your head : so take care what you do.’ My advice, as is usual upon such occasions, was totally disregarded, and he sprang to a broken limb of a fallen tree, that, if he had reached, would have very nearly put him upon an equality with the rifle-butt. He however was not destined to attain his object ; for my two companions, who, up to this time, with the usual and wonderful patience of their race, had remained tranquil witnesses of the scene, began now to think it necessary to interfere with the white people’s quarrel. It was Mike who first entered the list as my champion ; Sampson paying me the compliment of thinking that I could very well manage the matter, and possibly anxious to witness some exploit that would give him an additional reason to respect and love the future guardian of his old home ; for there is nothing in the world a negro so much admires as gallantry, either in love or war, of their masters and of all the relations and kin of their masters. Sampson, I rather think, had great confidence in the butt end of the rifle and the rather stout hand that held it poised in the air. Another reason perhaps was that Sampson was not so exemplary a Christian as Mike, and possibly had a spice of the old Adam in his heart, that inclined him to like the ‘scent of battle.’ The momentary glance that I had of the powerful yet quiet form of my sable ally, revealed him to me with his hawthorn stick in his hand, his head bent forward, and his whole attitude exhibiting a consciousness that if he was needed, he could give the aid required. It was Mike who made the first movement of interference, and it was at the exact moment when my antagonist had made up his mind to arm himself with the club that lay some seven or eight feet from him, and it was as he moved to reach it, and while I was ready and determined to prevent it, that Mike stepped forward and commenced his part in the pleasant little semi-pantomime then in action.

The ruffian had not advanced one step in the direction of the broken limb, when he was arrested by Mike's laying his hand upon his arm, and with a strength that I scarcely could have expected in the old negro, he was held as if in the grasp of a giant equal to himself. The white man turned suddenly, and with increased passion, upon his new adversary, but catching sight of the uplifted rifle, and seeing that I was determined to bring it in contact with his head, he restrained the blow, threatened by both look and gesture.

'Rude Keller,' began Mike, 'why do you do so — what harm has that young gentleman done you? Aint you wicked enough taking timber that don't belong to you any way, without trying to kill people that walks about the woods, and that don't 'sturb you?' Rude Keller, for by that name Mike addressed him, again raised his arm as if to strike his questioner, when Mike interposed his book between them, holding it close to the white man's face. 'Would you strike an old man over such a book as that, Rude Keller?' 'Yes!' shouted the enraged beast, and with one quick and furious blow, he drove the book from Mike's hand, and struck the poor negro to the earth. In an instant Sampson was upon the ruffian, whose vast strength would have availed him little, had the knotted walking-stick fallen where it should upon the instant have fallen. There was no need of the rifle-butt either, for I saw that the fight was over, so far as the white man was concerned, though I felt every inclination to use the force of the weapon upon the infuriated man, who, without the slightest provocation, had so ruthlessly assailed us. This whole affair had arisen so suddenly, that I had not given myself time to speculate upon the motive of its commencing, and now that it had resulted thus far, so unfortunately to one of my companions, I determined upon pursuing a course that would bring the offender to a proper punishment. That punishment I did not contemplate as one that I was to inflict personally upon him myself; for I felt it would be unfair, if not unfair, unmanly, to take advantage of the superior position I occupied, being backed by Sampson; but my course was to find out his abode, and ere I left the neighborhood, place him in the hands of the law, for his attack upon myself, and his reckless and unwarrantable treatment of poor Mike. These thoughts passed through my mind with the rapidity that all men have experienced in their lives, and I knew that it would be an easy matter to conquer our assailant and render him perfectly harmless for the present; for I had but to load the rifle, while Sampson dealt with him, and thus armed, he could offer no resistance, or attempt any new assault. But all these reflections and determinations were rendered useless by a turn in affairs that occurred at the very juncture when Sampson had stepped forth to avenge the fate of the carpenter.

In turning to meet the interference of Mike, Keller had partially exposed his back to me, so that objects in the range of my vision would also be apparent to his, and thus it happened.

I saw a figure leisurely approaching from a screen of the woods. At first it was so dusky-looking in its form and color, that it was not positively distinct from the surrounding tints of the autumn foliage. However, there was the figure of a man, approaching with a steady though

slow progress, and as he neared our group, I could distinguish the calm features of the old Indian, Benny Brown. I could not be mistaken in the color of his skin, in the large black eyes, in the high cheek-bones, in the very step of the stranger. It was all Indian, though his costume was more of the civilized toilette than the savage.



In his hands rested his gun, held as if in readiness to be used. He was only seen by Rude Keller and myself. I was simply glad that he had come upon us at such a moment; but the expression of Rude Keller's face was such, that I at once perceived he was no welcome visitor to him. Old Sampson, too, observed the sudden change in Keller's face, and without taking one other step, or attempting one other gesture of attack, broke forth into his low chuckle, and still fronting his adversary, he said to Keller: 'Your Massa's coming, aint he?' Keller had ceased to look at Sampson, and his up-raised arm fell heavily by his side, while his face, heretofore so furious in its expression, changed to absolute fear. There was little of the bravo left in him. The change was rapid as thought, and I was left to future revelations to ascertain the cause of such complete mastery in the frail-looking old Indian over this powerful and violent man. Falling at once into the natural quietude and patience of my nature, I awaited the result of this strange occurrence. •Old Mike had risen from the ground where he had been cast by the blow of the ruffian, and had with all due reverence and tranquillity, picked up his book of prayer, and was engaged in smoothing down the ruffled leaves. Thank Heaven, the book was unharmed. He placed it religiously in an inside pocket of his well-patched over-coat, where at least it would receive no more thumps, except those that rapped against it from his honest heart.

Sampson did not change his position, but kept his eyes intently upon the face of Rude Keller, and the same low chuckle of laughter would bubble over his lips, and the same confident expression of perfect knowledge of the whole position of affairs, radiate from his eyes. We were not kept long in suspense, for Benny had now reached the group, and without speaking a word to either Sampson, Mike, or myself, or indeed, apparently without noticing us, he walked directly up to Keller, and letting the end of his rifle drop upon the ground, while the muzzle leant upon his shoulder, almost touching his cheek, he gazed calmly and fixedly into the white man's eyes. In those eyes I could read as distinctly as you, dear reader, can read the letters on this page, hatred, fear, and horror. Benny kept his gaze steadily fixed upon Rude's face, over which passed rapidly the telegraphic signals of his vexed sensations. Over the Indian's passed neither cloud nor sun-shine, but his eagle eyes, in their steady glow, seemed to melt like molten lead into the very being of the other. Mike, with his over-coat buttoned close up to his neck, calmly and confidently regarded the scene. Sampson, with his hawthorn club, enjoyed it amazingly; and I, having time and desire for study, attempted, as you will observe, to analyze the emotions of the principal actors. The white man's as usual, were evident enough; the Indian's puzzled me. However, I was not left long to my meditations, for a movement of Keller caused the Indian to change his position, and so quickly, that his whole appearance changed from an old and quiet man, into that of a young and active brave. One flash of his hitherto half-dreamy eyes, one motion of his arm, and it was over. I had not expected the dreadful intention of the ruffian; but doubtless the Indian was not unprepared for it; he had possibly expected it. I said before that Benny's rifle, when I first saw him, was held in his hands, as if ready for action, and now I discovered that it was really so. It was upon the full cock. Keller perceived it at once, and prepared to act upon it as promptly. It was a bold thought, but a bloody one; but not so bold as I afterward had reason to know. As rapidly as the serpent had a few moments before uncoiled itself, to resist the approaching guillotine of the stag's hoofs, so rapidly and suddenly did Keller unfold his malice and his vengeance. The rifle was leaning against the shoulder and the cheek of the Indian, and a sudden movement of the butt would inevitably bring it nearer his brain, and the same movement might shake the delicate and ready trigger, and send the leaden load into the head of the Indian, and end the scene and gratify the vengeance.

The foot of the white man moved slowly at first, and as if without a motive, toward the rested rifle. The Indian did not seem to notice it; indeed, it seemed to me so natural, that I did not suspect the intention; but Benny was not to be so imposed upon, though he did not move an inch himself, nor did he lift his gun from the ground, or shift it from its tempting position. I looked for an instant over at Sampson, but there was that unmistakable expression of half-suppressed gratification, while old Mike, with perfect composure, kept his thoughts to himself, confident that Benny was the master of the position.

I saw the foot aimed to strike the gun-stock, but ere it touched the

weapon, a quick movement in Benny had lifted it from the ground, and the only result was that the blow missed its mark, occasioning a louder chuckle from old Sampson, and a grim smile from the Indian. The beast was baffled again, baffled where he had expected a victory, the worth of which to him, I then half concluded, was only to be a temporary triumph, no matter at what hazard and what cost, but which subsequent events showed to me was of life-importance to him.

For the first time the Indian seemed to recognize the presence of others; for he looked at me with an expression of quiet satisfaction, and then, without farther hesitation, placed his hand upon the shoulder of the beaten white with the air of a king.

'Take your hand off of me!' growled Keller; 'or I'll make you sorry for all this, Benny Brown!' The Indian kept his hand, fleshless almost it was, but full of cords and muscles, upon the shoulder of the vanquished bully, and bending low, so that his mouth almost touched the other's ear, he whispered to him for a second or two. 'My God!' exclaimed the now trembling man. 'Call on God in the right way,' humbly advised old Mike.

'Look up at the GREAT SPIRIT, and down by the running water,' added the Indian, pointing toward the river; 'and go away from the woods.'

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

RUDE KELLER looked first at the Indian, but at the Indian only for a moment, and then hurriedly, but with more of braggadocio in his manner, at the negroes and myself. There was something so calmly threatening, so overpoweringly cognizant in the face of Benny, that Rude did not venture to confront it for any length of time. The expression that gave character to the look, whatever hidden secret lay in Benny's knowledge, held complete control over the fierce temper and bullying heart of the subdued white man. Mike had spoken as a Christian; but with a more emphatic tone, the Indian had spoken of the GREAT SPIRIT, and with a significant gesture, had pointed to the stream that flowed at the base of the mountain and washed the shores upon which stood the solitary *Hut*, and had bade the white savage leave the woods. The Indian's order was given in a manner so full of the right to command, there was so much of despotic dictation in the simple sentence, that I expected to hear Rude promise to obey. I even listened to hear his meek voice announce that he would quit the forest forever; but no, his fate was upon him, and neither the intention was formed in his mind, or expressed by him, to depart. Had he gone, perhaps — But no matter. It is not the place now to carry the reader to the consequences of his refusal.

All that I have related in the last chapter, did not occupy as much time as I have taken to record it, and the minutes ran hurriedly along, bearing with them gestures, looks, movements, and words, as rapidly as moves the finger upon the old clock's face that I hear now, ticking away in the kitchen, where Mary, good old Mary, sits by her kindled hearth and darns the socks, worn into holes and fissures by my too heavy tramping.

Still Keller made no attempt to move away. He seemed unwilling to yield the battle-ground so easily, and I expected every moment a renewal of the strife. The bully, when beaten and foiled, though his heart may quiver to its very centre with the coward's chill, is always eager to find some opening in the character of his foe, whether of gentleness or apparent indisposition, to renew the contest, by which he may again assume his attack, illogically construing peace into fear, and in the present instance the theory did not fail.

I, being the younger of the party, though not the weaker, the most quiet of the party, though not the calmest really, was selected by him as the rallying point for his final demonstration. It was well that I had not withdrawn my eye from him; for had I done so, it might have fared badly with me. But I was on my guard. I had of course lowered the rifle from its previous belligerent position, and was using it simply as a support, by leaning my arm upon the muzzle. I was standing alone, my companions being respectively some three or four feet distant from me.

I saw his intention on the instant, and I avoided it with a rapidity equal to the attempt. One bold and vigorous lunge with his right arm, driven directly toward my breast, I foiled by springing upon one side, and extending my foot in such a manner as to meet his advancing steps, so that the next moment he lay among the crushed twigs of the withered branches, again vanquished and helpless.

'What's the matter with the white man to-day, that he falls when nobody strikes him?' quietly, but with bitter irony, exclaimed the Indian, as the fallen man gathered himself up, and with a bewildered look, gazed around upon the group.

'Case he's got bad luck to-day,' laughed in old Sampson.

'Cause he don't fear God!' said Mike, still seated upon the mossy sward, and with a negro's patience, a patience that amounts or descends, whichever way you like, to the extreme of humility, awaited the result of all this conflict, sure in his belief that the right would not be wronged.

'Now, Mr. Keller,' began the humble author of these pages, 'since you have tried several times to get the better of a stronger party than yourself, why do n't you quietly leave us to ourselves? This wood is large enough for you, and it is too large for me. Go,' (I was getting a little annoyed and angry, too, at his sullen and defiant look,) 'go! and believe me when I say it, that if I ever meet you again, and you dare raise your hand toward me, as you have done to-day, I will use a weapon that will not fail me. I wish no trouble with you, but I am not afraid of trouble when it comes, and if you bring it to me, so much the worse for you.'

I stopped, expecting a fierce out-break of temper on his part; but he was now composed and only insolent.

'Is n't it as easy for you to go, as for me?' he asked with a half-smile upon his face. I almost longed to use the butt end of my rifle and smash his ugly features into a better outline; but without a change of tone, that could evince a change of temper, I replied: 'You

are right : *we* will go, but remember, there is no shame to us four men, in being generous to one — *we are not whipped.*'

'*Not this time*, stranger. Every dog has his day. Did you ever hear your grandmother say that when you were a baby ?'

Where was all that wild temper that in earlier youth had plunged me into many a long since repented outbreak ? Now I was so collected that I could beat back the fire that was flashing to my fingers' ends, and burned in me to clutch the insolent, and hurl him to the earth and trample him there, and stifle him there among the rotting leaves, and punish him for his longest day of memory. He could not have failed to notice that there was danger in the expression that only for a second broke over my face, for he looked around for something wherewith to defend himself. It was not necessary. There was a stronger power there than I physically could bring to bear against him, and it was to this power that he had to submit himself. It was a power that from some mysterious cause, he seemed to tremble at. Let but that power be brought to bear, as we have seen, in a mere whisper, when he was in the fiercest burst of his passion, and his face changed, the deep hues of winter and summer exposure, blackened as they were upon his countenance, assumed almost a ghastly hue ; his arm, raised to smite, fell useless by his side, and he was no more the infuriated tiger, but the licked hound, trembling before an influence which, with his great strength, he could have dashed to pieces when he pleased ; but that influence, embodied in the gaunt, and apparently, not really, feeble form of Benny the Indian, was too wary, from its natural instincts and habits, and from the knowledge of the character it had to deal with, ever to give him a chance to execute whatever design he might have of putting the Indian out of his way. It was to this power that he was again obliged to yield, for while I stood successfully attempting to control my rising temper, the Indian once more made an emphatic approach to him.

'Come,' said Benny, 'the sun won't shine in the woods where you stand, and it will be chill. It is time for you to look for the fires of the big cities where you came from. You are white and cold. You are white as a dead white man. Bad man, go to your big towns, where trees do n't grow, and where you can't poison the meadow-grass with your feet that burn. I tell you go !'

A hawk's shrill cry sounded through the air, as the prowling bird sailed over the spot where we were gathered. 'There goes,' continued the Indian, 'the murder-bird ! Listen, Rude Keller, to his cry. His beak is red with the blood of things weaker than he is ; his feet, too, are red with blood, and they spoil the finger of the tree on which he now has stopped to look down on you, on you, Rude Keller, his brother ! Look up, bad white man, if your GREAT SPIRIT in the skies will let you look up, and see your brother on the tree !' Keller instinctively raised his eyes toward a leafless limb of one of the neighboring pines, and there, perched upon it, was the fierce-glancing robber of the air. The Indian poised his rifle to his eye, and as the report rang through the woods, a fluttering lump of feathers fell with a thump upon the ground.

'The Indian's gun has killed the blood-spiller of the woods. The white man's law will kill the ——' The Indian's voice sank to a low murmur after he had uttered the commencement of the above, and when he came to that part which spoke of the white man's law, it fell into a whisper, and whisper though it was, it seemed to shriek into the ears of Keller. 'Now go, and come no more into the woods that belong to the GREAT SPIRIT. The white man's vengeance follows you here, and the paths are crooked, and you will not see straight. Go, and take the bad woman with you that makes the grape-leaves wither before the frost bites them—that makes the young white fawn, she keeps so close from the summer flowers, shiver when she speaks; take her, but I tell you, there is lightning gathering for you, and it will come when you are standing under the big tree, and you think the cloud is over on the mountain, and you won't hear the thunder, but you will feel the crooked flash. Go, or it may come now.'

Keller now appeared really to dread some atmospheric phenomenon, and totally craven in spirit, he turned away and left us. But ere he was hidden in the deep shadows of the forest; he turned to look at us, and as he did so, he waved his hand above his head. I knew not whether it was to threaten injury or to deprecate peril.

Now that the tumult had subsided, I deemed it fit that I should ascertain something of the individual with whom I had passed so pleasant a half-hour. To my inquiries, Sampson led me to infer, that Mr. Keller was one of the leading members of the timber-stealing fraternity, and lived some mile or so up the mountain, in a dense and almost impervious part of the forest, where madam, his wife, tended the kitchen-pot, and boiling over herself with a general and unappeasable rage, helped to make every thing boil about her, and acquiring no very enviable notoriety among the few and far between neighbors to whose ears the fame of her fury might be carried by wandering peddlers, with their mouths full of gossip and their packs full of treasure, from Solomon's temple. An affrighted, pale-faced, badly-treated girl, was also an inmate of Rude Keller's dwelling, and the honest venders of pinch-beck watches and Parisian diamonds, made many a young customer's heart thrill with envy or incipient admiration, as he dwelt in description upon the long waving ringlets, the dark eye, and the beautiful and melancholy look of the young creature hidden away under the shadow of cruelty and solitude at Rude Keller's cabin in the forest.

From Sampson I gathered the fact that Rude Keller had lived about the woods here for many years, more than ten, less probably than twenty years. Formerly he would do daily work for daily pay, but that was not often; and latterly he had associated himself with a gang of lawless pilferers who lived by robbing the timber on the property, and in any other way by which money could be made without labor. The sparse population and the careless way in which the laws were executed in that wild and retired region, gave them ample security in the prosecution of their villanies, and I was not surprised when I came to the full understanding of all these matters, and many more, that Rude Keller had attempted so violently and so promptly to eject me from the grounds he had appropriated exclusively to his own benefit

and that of his associates. His course was to drive away by violence, or frighten by threats any one who should attempt to exercise the simplest right of ownership over the soil, and it was for this purpose that he had crept stealthily behind our party, unobserved in the excitement incident to the rencontre between the deer and the rattle-snake, and doubtless he was somewhat disappointed in the result of his operations. The singular influence exercised by Benny Brown over this wild and irresponsible man, was something beyond the penetration of Sampson; though he had known of its existence for many years. That it was as complete as it was mysterious, I had had ample opportunity to observe.

The same calm that had lulled over the general scene seemed to have already fallen upon the spirits of my variegated colored friends, the Indian relapsing (if it had ever been disturbed) into his usual frigid, statue-like habit, while the negroes, whose characteristics, in many respects, resemble those of the American Indian, expressed no comment upon the incidents that had so singularly interrupted our



walk. The Indian stepped toward the body of the snake and severed the rattles from the body, safely depositing them in a pouch that hung at his side, while Sampson gave me an inquiring look as if he would ask me whether we should proceed farther or return to the Hut. My

object on starting in the morning was to form the acquaintance of Benny Brown, and that object being accomplished, it was useless then to proceed to his cabin, though I determined at no distant day to do myself the pleasure of leaving my card upon the red Baron of the wilderness. Mike rose and searching about him, at length selected an appropriate spot, where there was a rock overshadowed by trees and a pleasant seat of painted leaves. A peep of a still more distant range of mountains offered to his eye a screen against which his religious mind could rest itself, when weary of the perusal of his beloved book. Amid the sunlight of the early evening hour, we left him sitting there, while through a green lane of the pines the figure of the Indian was seen, with his ear bent close to the ground, as if in the act of listening. We had not proceeded many paces on the path leading to the crossing-stones by the old mill, when the report of a rifle rang sharp upon our ears, and then all was still. We did not return to the Hut that night.

' T H Y K I N G D O M C O M E . '

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

'THY kingdom come,' our FATHER, is the burden of our praying;
Our hearts have grown sore heavy with grief at THY delaying,
For o'er the rocks and in the night THY little ones are straying.

'THY kingdom come,' dear FATHER, for bitter is our weeping;
The angels once around our path, are gone, or else are sleeping,
And the prowling wolf, with angry eyes, within the fold is creeping.

'THY kingdom come;' we wander here, and sin our feet is guiding,
And the cross upon our foreheads the tinsel wreath is hiding,
And in the hollow poms of earth our hopes we are confiding.

'THY kingdom come, THY will be done, on earth as it is in heaven;
Oh! let our souls from all this guilt by THY pure love be shriven,
And that sweet peace the sinless have unto our souls be given!

The world is full of sin, dear CHRIST, and as we farther go,
We only find the deeper guilt, and much the deeper woe;
Ah! when we were a little child we never thought it so.

We thought the world was great and good, and that all men did pray
With faith like ours, THY holy prayer at morn and close of day;
We did not think the years could take our faith in THEE away.

Our faith in THEE — forgive it, LORD — and all our faith in men;
'THY kingdom come,' for we would have that childish faith again:
And well we know 't will not be ours, no never, until *then*.

Rochester, (N. Y.) 1856.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

The Voyage of the 'Balaklava' — Something of a Fog — A Novel Sensation — Picton bursts out — 'Nothing to do' — Breakfast under Way — A Phantom Boat — Mackerel — Gone, Hook and Line — The Colonists — Sectionalism and Prejudices — Cod-fishing and an Unexpected Banquet — Past the Old French Town — A Pretty Respectable Breeze — We get past the Rocks — Louisburgh.

'PICTON !'

'Hallo !' replied the traveller sitting up on his locker ; ' what is the matter now ? '

' Nothing, only it is morning ; let us get up, I want to see the sun rise out of the ocean.'

' Pooh ! ' replied Picton, ' what do you want to be bothering with the sun for ? ' And again Picton rolled himself up in his sheet-rubber travelling-blanket, and stretched his long body out on the locker. I got up, or rather got down, from my berth, and casting a bucket over the schooner's side soon made a sea-water toilet. I forgot to mention the sleeping arrangements of the ' Balaklava.' There were two lower berths on one side the cabin, either of which was large enough for two persons ; and two single upper berths on the other side, neither of which was large enough for one person. At the proper hour for retiring, the Captain's lady shut the cabin-door to keep out intruders, deliberately arrayed herself in dimity, turned in with baby in one of the large berths, and reopened the door. There she lay, wide awake, with her bright eyes twinkling within the folds of her n — t c — p, unaffected, chatty, and agreeable ; then the Captain divested himself of boots and pea-jacket and turned in also, (the mate slept, when off his watch, in the other double berth.) Picton rolled himself up in his blanket and stretched out on his locker ; I climbed into the narrow coop, over the salt beef and hard biscuit department ; and so we dozed and talked until sleep reigned over all. In the morning the ceremonies were reversed, with the exception of the Captain, who was up first. ' I never see a man sleep so little as the Captain,' said Bruce ; ' about two hours, an' that's aw.'

The sun was already risen when I came out on the deck of the ' Balaklava ; ' but where *was* the sun ? Indeed, where was the ocean, or any thing ? The schooner was barely making steerage-way, with a light head-wind, over a small patch of water, not much larger apparently than the schooner herself. The air was filled with a luminous haze that appeared to be penetrable by the eye, and yet was not ; that seemed at once open and dense ; near yet afar off ; close yet diffuse ; contracted yet boundless. There was no light nor shade, no outline,

distance, aerial perspective. There was no east and west, nor blushing Aurora, rising from old Tithonus' bed ; nor blue sky, nor green sea, nor ship, nor shore, nor color, tint, hue, ray, or reflection. There was nothing visible except the sides of the vessel, a maze of dripping rigging, two sailors bristling with drops, and the captain in a shiny sou-wester. The feeling of seclusion and security was complete, although we might have been run down by another vessel at any moment ; the air was deliciously bland, invigorating, and pregnant with life ; to breathe it was a transport ; you felt it in every globule of blood, in every pore of the lungs. I could have hugged that fog, I was so happy !

Up and down the rolling deck I marched, and with every inspiration of the moist air, felt the old, tiresome, lingering sickness floating away. Then I was startled with a new sensation, I began to get hungry !

It was between four and five o'clock in the morning, and the 'Balaklava' did not breakfast until eight. Reader, were you ever hungry *at sea* ? Were you ever on deck, upon the measureless ocean, four hours earlier than the ring of the breakfast-bell ? Were you ever awake on the briny deep, in advance, when the cook had yet two hours to sleep ; when the stove in the galley was cold, and the kindling-wood unsplit ; the coffee still in its tender, green, unroasted innocence ? Were you ever upon 'the blue, the fresh, the ever free,' under these circumstances ? If so, I need not say to *you* that the sentiment, then and there awakened, is stronger than avarice, pride, ambition, or love.

Presently Picton burst out like a flower on deck, in a mass of overcoats, with an India-rubber mackintosh by way of calyx. These were his night-clothes. Picton could do nothing except in full costume ; he could not fish, in ever so small a stream, without being booted to the hips ; nor shoot, in ever so good a cover, without being jacketed above the hips. He shaved himself in front of a silver-mounted dressing-case, wrote his letters on a portable secretary, drew off his boots with a patent boot-jack, brewed his punch with a peripatetic kettle, and in fact carried the united kingdom with him in every quarter of the globe. 'Well,' said Picton, looking around at the fog with a low and expressive whistle, 'this *is* serene !'

Although Picton used the word 'serene,' ironically, just as a man riding in an omnibus and suddenly discovering that he was destitute of the needful sixpence might exclaim, 'This is pleasant,' yet the phrase was not out of place. The 'Balaklava' was gliding lazily over the water, at the rate of three knots an hour, sometimes giving a little lurch by way of shaking the wet out of her invisible sails, for the fog obscured all her upper canvas, and the mind and body easily yielded to the lullaby movement of the vessel. Talk of lotus-eating ; of Castles of Indolence ; of the dreamy ether inhaled from amber-tubed narghilé ; of poppy and mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world ; of rain upon the mid-night roof ; the cooing of doves, the hush of falling snow, the murmur of brooks, the long summer song of grasshoppers in the field, the tinkling of fountains, and every thing else that can soothe, lull, or tranquillize ; and what are these to the serenity of this sail-swinging, ripple-stirring, gently-creaking craft, in her veil of luminous vapor ? 'How delightful this is !' said I.

The traveller eyed me with surprise, but at last comprehending the idea, admitted, that with the exception of the fog and the calm, the scarcity of news, the damp state of the decks, and the want of the morning papers, it was very charming indeed. Then the traveller got a little restive, and began to peer closely into the fog, and look aloft to see if he could make out the stay-sails, and then he entered into a long confidential talk with the Captain, in relation to the chances of 'getting on,' of a fresh breeze springing up, and the fog lifting; whether we should make Louisburgh by to-morrow night, and if not, when; with various other salt-water speculations and problems. Then Picton climbed up on the patent-windlass to get a full view of the fog at the end of the bow-sprit, and took another survey of the buried stay-sails, and the flying-jib. Then he and the Newfoundland sailor on the look-out, had a long consultation of great gravity and importance; and finally he turned around and came up to the place where I was standing, and broke out: 'I say, what the devil are we to do with ourselves this morning?'

'What are we to do?' That eternal question. It instantly seemed to double the thickness of the fog, to arrest the slow movement of the vessel. Picton had nothing to do for a fortnight, and I had left home with the sole object of going somewhere where soul and body could rest. 'Nothing to do,' was precisely the one thing needful. 'Nothing to do,' is exquisite happiness, for real happiness is but a negation. 'Nothing to do,' is repose for the body, respite for the mind. It is an ideal hammock swinging in drowsy tropical groves, apart from the roar of the busy, relentless world; away from the strife of faction, the toils of business, the restless stretch of ambition, wealth's tinsel pride, poverty's galling harness. 'Nothing to do,' is the phantom of young Imagination, the evanescent hope that promises to crown

'A youth of labor with an age of ease.'

'Nothing to do,' was the charm that lured us on board the 'Balaklava,' and now, 'nothing to do,' was with us like the Bottle-Imp, an incubus, still crying out: 'You may yet exchange me for a smaller coin, if such there be!' 'Nothing to do,' is an imposture. Something to do is the very life of life, the beginning and end of being. 'Picton,' said I, 'one thing we must do, at least, this morning.'

'What is that?' replied the traveller, eagerly opening his mackintosh, and drawing it off so as to be ready to do it.

'Taking in consideration the slow and sleepy nature of this climate, the thickness of the fog, the faint, thin air that impels the vessel, the early time of day, and the regulations of the 'Balaklava,' it seems to me we shall have to be steadily occupied, for at least three hours, in waiting for breakfast.'

Then Picton got hungry! He was a large, stout man, wrapped up by a multitude of garments to the thickness of a polar bear, and when he got hungry, it was on a scale of corresponding dimensions. First he alluded to the fact that we had gone supperless to bed the night before; then he buttoned up his mackintosh, had a brief interview with the Captain, shouted down the gang-way for the cook, and finally disappeared in the

forecastle. Then he came up again with that officer, rummaged in the galley for the ship's hatchet, and split up all the kindling-wood on deck ; then he shed his petals (mackintosh and over-coats) and instructed Cookey in the mystery of building a fire. Then he emerged from the intolerable smoke he had raised in the galley, and devoted himself to the stove-pipe outside, Cookey meanwhile, within the caboose, getting the benefit of all the experiments.

At last a faint smell of coffee issued forth from the caboose, a little Arabia breathed through the humid atmosphere, and a sound, as if Cookey were stirring the berries in a pan, was heard in the midst of the smoke. Meanwhile Picton descends in the hold with a bucket of salt-water to enjoy the luxury of a bath, and reappears in full toilet just as Cookey is grinding the berries, burnt and green, with a hand-mill between his knees. The pan by this time is put to a new use ; it is now lined with bacon in full frizzle ; presently it will be turned to account as a bake-pan, for pearl-ash cakes of chrome-yellow complexion : every thing must take its turn ; the pan is the actor of all work ; it accepts coffee, cakes, pork, fish, pudding, beside being general dish-washer and soup-warmer, as we found out before long.

During the preparation of these successive courses, Picton and I sat on deck in hungry silence. Now and then an anxious glance at the galley, or a tormenting whiff of the savory viands, would give new life to the demon that raged within us. I believe if Cookey had accidentally upset the coffee tea-kettle, and put out the fire, his sanctuary would have been sacked instantly. Eight o'clock came, and yet we had not broken bread. We walked up and down the deck to relieve our appetites. At last we saw the three cracked mugs, our tea-cups, which had been our ale-glasses of the night before, brought up for a rinse, and then we knew that breakfast was not afar off. The cloth was spread, the saffron cakes, ship's butter, yellow mugs, coffee, pork, and pismires temptingly arrayed. We did not wait to hear the cook ring the bell. We watched him as he came up with it in his hand, and squeezed past him before he shook out a single vibration. Then we made a MEAL !

Breakfast being over, the fog lightened a little. Our tiny horizon widened its boundaries a few hundred yards, or so ; we could see once more the top-mast of the schooner. So we lazily swung along, with nothing to do again. Sometimes a distant fog-bell ; sometimes a distant sound across the face of the deep, like the falling of cataract waters. 'What is that sound, Bruce ?'

'It's the surf breakin' on the rocks,' responds Bruce ; 'I hae been listenen to it for hoors.'

'Are we then so near shore ?'

'About three miles aff,' replies the mate.

Presently we heard the sound of human voices ; a laugh ; the stroke of oars in the row-locks, plainly distinguishable in the mysterious vapor. The Captain hailed : 'Hallo !' 'Halloo !' echoes in answer. The strokes of the oars are louder and quicker ; they are approaching us, but where ? 'Halloo !' comes again out of the mist. And again the Captain shouts in reply. Then a white phantom boat, thin, vapory, unsubstantial, now seen, now lost again, appears on the skirts of our horizon.

'Where are we,' asks the Captain.

'Off St. Esprit,' answer the boatmen.

'What are you after?' asks the Captain.

'Looking for our nets,' is the reply, and once more boat and boatmen disappear in the luminous vapor. These are mackerel fishermen; their nets are adrift from their stone-anchors: the fish are used for bait in the cod-fisheries, as well as for salting down. If we could but come across the nets, what a rare treat we might have at dinner.

Lazily on we glide — nothing to do — Picton is reading a stunning book; the Captain, his lady, the baby, and I holding a small family circle around the wheel; the mate is on the look-out over the bows; all at once he shouts out: '*There they are! the nets!*' Down goes Picton's book on the deck; Bruce catches up a rope and fastens it to a large iron hook; the sailors run to the side of the vessel; Captain releases his fore-finger from baby's hand, and catches the wheel; all is excitement in a moment. '*Starboard!*' shouts the mate as the nets come sweeping on, directly in front of the cut-water. The schooner obeys the wheel, sheers off, and now, as the floats come along sideways, Bruce has dropped his hook in the mesh, *it takes hold!* and the heavy mass is partially raised up in the water. 'Thousands of them,' says Picton; sure enough, the whole net is alive with mackerel, splashing, quivering, glistening. 'Catch hold here, I canna hold them; O the beauties!' says the mate. Some grasp at the rope, others look around for another hook; 'Hauld 'em! hauld 'em!' shouts Bruce; but the weighty piscatorial mass is too much for us, it will drag us desperately along the deck to the stern of the vessel. The schooner is going slowly, but still she is going. Another hook is rigged and thrown at the struggling mesh, but it breaks loose, the mackerel are dragging behind the rudder; we are at our rope's end. At last rope, hook, and nets are abandoned, and again we have nothing to do.

High noon, and a red spot visible over-head; the Captain brings out his sextant to take an observation. This proceeding we viewed with no little interest, and, for the humor of the thing, I borrowed the sextant of the Captain and took a satirical view of a great luminary in obscurity. As I had the instrument upside down, the sailors were in convulsions of laughter; but why should we not make every body happy when we have it in our power?

High noon, and again hunger overtook us. Picton by this time had brought out the cans of preserved meats, the curried tin chicken, the portable soup, the ale and pickles. The cook was put upon duty; pot and pan were scoured for more delicate viands; Pictor was *chef* of the *cuisine*; we had a magnificent banquet that day on the 'Balaklava.'

To give a zest to the entertainment, the Captain's lady dined with us; the mate kindly undertaking the charge of the baby.

'I doant see,' said Bruce, who was holding the baby in a way that made it appear all legs, when we came on deck after a repast that would have been perfect but for the absence of potatoes, 'I doant see hoo a wummun can lug a babby all day aboot in her airms! I hae only carried this one half an 'our and boath airms is sore. But I suppose it's naturely, it's naturely, every thing to its nature.'

The dinner having been a success, Picton was in great spirits for the rest of the day. The fog spread its munificent halo around us, and before night-fall broke into myriads of white rainbows, sea-dogs the sailors call them, and finally lifted so high that we could see the spectral moon shining through the thin rack. Once more we sang 'Annie Laurie;' the traveller brought out his travelling blanket for a dewy slumber on deck; the lady of the 'Balaklava' put on her night-cap and retired with baby to the double berth; Bruce took the helm. As I was passing the light in the binnacle I looked in at the compass for a moment. 'She's nailed there,' said the old mate. Nailed there, true to her course as steadfast to the guiding rudder, as truth is to religion. We were but a few miles from a dangerous coast, in a vessel of the frailest kind, but she was 'nailed' there, obedient to man's intelligence, and that was security and safety. What a text to say one's prayers upon.

'Picton,' said I, the next morning, after the schooner-breakfast, 'it seems to me the strangest thing, that Mrs. Capstan should have the pure Irish pronunciation and the mate the thorough Scotch brogue, although both were born in Newfoundland, and of Newfoundland parents. I must confess to no small amount of surprise at the complete isolation of the people of these colonies; the divisions among them; the separate pursuits, prejudices, languages; they seem to have nothing in common; no aggregation of interests; it is existence without nationality; sectionalism without emulation; a mere exotic life with not a fibre rooted firmly in the soil. The colonists are English, Irish, Scotch, French, for generation after generation. Why is this, O Picton? Why is it that the Captain's lady has high cheek-bones, and speaks the pure Hibernian? why is the only rail-road in the colony but nine and three-quarter miles long, and the great Shubenacadie Canal yet unfinished, although it was begun in the year 1826; a canal fifty-three mortal miles in length, already engineered and laid out by nature in a chain of lakes, most conveniently arranged with the foot of each little lake at the head of the next one — like 'orient pearls at random strung' — requiring but a few locks to be complete: the head of the first lake, lying only twelve hundred and ten yards from Halifax harbor, and the Shubenacadie river itself at the other end, emptying in the place of destination, namely, the Basin of Minas; a work that if completed, would cut off more than three hundred miles of outside voyaging around a stormy, foggy, dangerous coast; a work that was estimated to cost but seventy-five thousand pounds, and for which fifteen thousand pounds had already been subscribed by the government; a work that would be the saving of so many vessels, crews, and cargoes of so much value; a work that would traverse one of the most fertile countries in America; a work that would bring the inland produce within a few hours of the sea-board; a work so necessary, so obvious, so easily completed, that no Yankee could see it undone, if it were within the limits of his county, and have one single night's rest until the waters were leaping from lock to lock, from lake to lake in one continuous flood of prosperity from Minas to Chebucto? Why is this, O traveller of the 'Balaklava?'

'The reason of it all,' replied Picton, with great equanimity of manner, 'is entirely owing to the stupidity of the people here; the British

government is the best government, Sir, in the world ; it fosters, protects, and supports the colonies, with a sort of parental care, Sir ; the colonies, Sir, afford no recompense to the British government for its care and protection, Sir ; each colony is only a bill of expense, Sir, to the mother country, and if, with all these advantages, the people of these colonies will persist, Sir, in being behind the age, Sir, what can we do to prevent it, I would like to know, Sir ?

‘It does seem to me, Picton, this fostering, protecting, and paying the governmental expenses of the colonies, is very like pampering and amusing a child with sweet-meats and nick-nacks, and at the same time keeping it in leading-strings. It is very certain that these colonists would not be the same people if their ancestors had been transplanted, a century or so ago, to our side of the Bay of Fundy ; no, not even if they had pitched their tents at the ‘jumping-off place,’ as it is called, Eastport, for even there they would have produced a crop of pure Yankees, although grown from divers nations, religions, and tongues.’

Here Picton curled up his lip, and smiled out of a little battery of sarcasm : ‘And you think,’ said he after a pause, ‘that these colonists would no longer revel in those little prejudices and sectionalisms so dear to every American heart, if they were transplanted to your own favored coasts ? Why, Sir, there is more sectionalism in the country you would transport these people to, than in any one nation I ever heard of ; every State is a petty principality ; it has its own separate interests ; its own bigoted boundaries ; its conventionalisms ; its pet laws ; and as for its prejudices, I will just ask you, as a candid man, not as a Yankee, but as a traveller like myself, a cosmopolite, if you please, what you think of the two great eternal States of Massachusetts and South-Carolina, and whether prejudices and sectionalisms are to be fairly charged upon these colonies, and upon them only ?’

‘Picton, I will be frank with you. The States you name are looked upon as the great game-cocks of the Union, and we give them a tolerably large arena to fight their battles in. Either champion has flapped its wings and crowed its loudest, and drawn in its local backers, but the great States of my country are not these two. I feel at this moment an almost irrepressible desire to instance a single one as an example ; but insomuch as nobody has ever flapped wing or crowed because of it, I will not be the first to break the silence. This much I will say, there are some States, and those the very greatest in the Union, that neither claim to be, nor make a merit of being *provincial*.’

‘But, even in your State, you have your stately prejudices,’ said Picton with a marked emphasis upon the ‘stately.’

‘No, Sir, we have no stately prejudices, at least among those entitled to have them, the native-born citizens ; nor do I believe such prejudices exist in many of the largest with us at home, Sir.’

‘But as you admit there is a sectional barrier between your people,’ said Picton, ‘I do not see why our form of government is not as wise as your form of government.’

‘The difference, Picton, is simply this : your government is foreign, and almost unchangeable ; ours is local and mutable as the flux and reflux of the tide. As a consequence, sectionalism is active with us, and

apathetic with you. Your colonists have nothing to care for, and we have every thing to care for.

'Then,' said Picton, 'we can sleep while you struggle?'

'Yes, Picton, that is the question —

'WHETHER 't is best to roam or rest,
The land's lap, or the water's breast?'

We think it is best to choose the active instead of the stagnant; if a man cannot take part in the great mechanism of humanity, better to die than to sleep. And Picton, so far as this is concerned, so far as the general interests of humanity are concerned, your colonists are only *dead men*, while our 'stately' men are individually responsible, not only to their own kind, but to all human kind, and herein each form of government tells its own story.'

'I think you are rather severe upon poor Nova Scotia this morning,' said Picton drily.

'You mistake me, Picton; I do not intend to cast any reflections upon the people; I am only contrasting the effects produced by two different forms of government upon neighboring bodies of men that would have been alike had either a republican or monarchical rule obtained over both.'

'Likely,' said Picton sententially.

Meantime the schooner was lazily holding her course through the fog, which was now dense as ever. What an odd little bit of ocean this is to be on! 'The sea, the sea, the open sea,' all your own, with a diameter of perhaps forty yards. Picton, who is full of activity, begins to unroll the log line; the Captain turns the glass, away goes the log. 'Stop,' 'not three knots!' and then comes the question again: 'What shall we do? — we are getting becalmed!'

'By Jove,' said Picton, slapping his thigh, 'I have it — *cod-fish!*'

There are plenty of hooks on board the 'Balaklava,' and unfortunately only one cod-line; but what with the deep sea lead-and-line, and a roll of blue cord, with a spike for a sinker, and the hooks, we are soon in the midst of excitement. Now we almost pray for a calm; the schooner *will* heave ahead, and leave the lines astern; but nevertheless, up come the fine fish, and plenty of them too; the deck is all flop and glisten with cod, haddock, pollock; and Cookey, with a short knife, is at work with the largest, preparing them for the banquet, according to the code Newfoundland. Certainly the art of 'cooking a cod-fish' is not quite understood, except in this part of the world. The white flakes do not exhibit the true conchoidal fracture in such perfection elsewhere; nor break off in such delicious morsels, edged with delicate brown. 'Another bottle of ale, please, and a granitic biscuit, and a pickle, by way of desert.'

Lazily along swings the 'Balaklava.' Picton brings up his travelling blanket, and we stretch out upon it on deck, basking in the warm, humid light, and leisurely puffing away at our segars, for we have nothing else to do. Toward evening it grows colder, very much colder; over-coats are in requisition; the Captain says we are nearing some ice-bergs; with the

cold the fog folds itself up and hangs above us in strips of cloud, or rolls away in voluminous masses to the edges of the horizon. The stars peep out between the strips over-head, the moon sends forth her silver vapors and finally emerges from the 'cruddled clouds;' the wake of the schooner is one long phosphoric trail of flame; the masts are creaking; sails stretching, the waters pouring against the bows, out on the deep white crests lift and break; the winds are loosened, and now good speed to the 'Balaklava.' Meanwhile, the hitherto listless Newfoundland men are now wide awake, and busy; the man at the wheel is on the alert; the Captain is looking at his charts; Picton and I walking the deck briskly, but unsteadily, to keep off the cold; Mrs. Capstan has turned in with the baby. Blacker and larger waves are rising, with whiter crests; on and on goes the schooner with dip and rise — tossing her sails as a stag tosses his antlers. On and on goes the brave 'Balaklava,' the Captain at the bows on the look-out; the sky is mottled with clouds, but fortunately there is no fog; nine, ten o'clock, and at last a light begins to lift in the distance. 'Is it Louisburgh light, Captain?' 'I don't make it out yet,' replies Captain Capstan, 'but I think it is not;' after a pause he adds: 'Now I see what it is; it is Scattarie light — we have passed Louisburgh.'

This was not pleasant; we had undertaken the voyage for the sake of visiting the old French town. 'The wind,' said the Captain, 'after we double Scattarie Island, will be right astern of us, and we will be in Sydney before breakfast.' 'Captain,' said we, after a brief consultation, 'we will leave the matter entirely to you; although we had hoped to see Louisburgh this night, yet we can visit it over-land to-morrow; and as the wind is so favorable for you, why, crack on to Sydney if you like.' With that we resumed our walk to keep up the circulation. 'It is strange,' said Picton, 'the Captain should have passed the light without seeing it.' 'Ever since we left Richmond,' said the man at the wheel, 'his eyes has been weak, so as he couldn't see as good as common.' 'Did you see the light?' we asked. 'Oh! yes, I can see it now, right astern of us.'

We looked, and at last made it out: a faint, nebulous star, upon the very edge of the gloomy waters. 'There is the light, Captain.' 'Where?' 'Right astern.' The Captain walked aft to the steersman and peered anxiously in the distance. Then he came forward again, and shouted down the forecastle: 'Hallo, hallo, turn out there! all hands on deck! turn out, men! turn out!' 'What now, Captain?' 'Nothing,' said he, 'only I am going to *about-ship*.'

The 'Balaklava' had barely broadened out her sails to the fair wind, after she had been put about, when we were conscious of an increased straining and chirping of the masts and sails, an uneasy, laborious motion of the vessel, of blacker and larger waves, of whiter and higher crests, that sometimes broke over the bows, even, and made the deck wet and slippery. The moon was now rising high, but the clouds were rapidly thickening, and her majesty seemed to be reeling from side to side, as we bore on, with plunge and shudder, for the light ahead of us. Bruce had taken the wheel, all hands were on deck, and all busy, hauling

upon this rope or that, taking in the stay-sails and flying-jib, as the Captain shouted out from time to time ; and looking out ahead, with no little appearance of anxiety. ' Ah ! she 's a pretty creature,' said the mate ; ' look there,' nodding with his head at the compass, ' did'na I tell you ? ' She 's nailed there.' Then he broke out again : ' Ay, she 's a flyin' noo ; see hoo she 's *raisin the light* ! ' It was indeed surprising to see the great beacon rising higher and higher out of the water. ' Is it a good harbor, Bruce ? ' ' *When ye get in,*' answered the mate, ' but it 's narrar, it 's narrar ; ye can pitch a biscuit ashore as ye go through ; and inside o't is the ' Nag's Head,' a sunken bit o' rock, with about five feet water ; if ye *miss* that, ye're aw right ! ' We were now rapidly approaching the beacon, and could fairly see the rocks and beach in the track of its light. On the other side there were great masses of savage surf, whirling high up in the night, the indications of the three islands on the west of the harbor. The Captain had climbed up in the rigging to keep a good look-out ahead ; the light of the beacon broadened on the deck ; we were within the very jaws of the crags and surf ; the wild ocean beating against the doors of the harbor ; the churning, whirling, whistling danger on either side, lighted up by the glare of the beacon, past we go, and, with a sweep, the ' Balaklava ' evades the ' Nag's Head,' and rounding too, drops sail and anchor beside the walls of Louisburgh.

Then the thick fog, which had been pursuing us came, and enveloped all in obscurity.

' It is lucky,' said Captain Capstan, ' that it did n't come ten minutes sooner.'

T H E W O O D F L O W E R .

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

ALONE I walked the ancient wood,
And, in the dim, dark solitude,
I found a little flower, that stood
Where all around was gloom.
A creature of the genial sun —
A joyous life in gloom begun —
A hope, that mocked the tear it won,
Like roses o'er a tomb !

II.

And such, methought, a mortal heart ;
However warped by fate or art,
And trained to play an evil part,
Some virtue still is there :

Like heaven, amid surrounding hell ;
Or angel, in a prison cell —
A hope that all may yet be well —
A guard against despair !

III.

The darkest hours of life and fate,
Like mid-night, on the morning wait ;
And mercy follows after hate,
As life succeeds to rest :
And thus, no erring soul is driven
From every claim to be forgiven :
There is, or has been hope of Heaven
In every human breast !

V E R M O N T .

BY KARL KERN.

I.

VERMONT! — she is 'the State for me!'
I love her hills and mountains,
Her purling brooks and babbling rills,
Her ice-cold, crystal fountains!

II.

I love her silvery rivulets,
Through richest meads that glide;
Lamoille's impetuous dashing flow,
Missisco's northern tide.

III.

I love Winooski's swelling flood;
Old Otter's classic wave,
Where now our youth for knowledge seek,
And foes erst found a grave.

IV.

I love her scenery, bold and grand;
Her hills bedecked with green,
With beauteous valleys, nestling down
Her wildest peaks between.

V.

I love old 'Camel's noble 'Rump,'
Old Mansfield's 'Nose' and 'Chin';
At lone 'Ascutey' fondly gaze,
With awe on Killington!

VI.

They're Freedom's mighty sentinels:
A grim old giant band,
To guard with ever-watchful eyes,
Our dear old mountain land!

VII.

And guard *ye* well that mountain land,
Vermonters strong and brave,
Nor let your hills their vigils keep
O'er Freedom's early grave!

VIII.

I love Vermont! her hills, her vales,
With streams like strings of pearls;
But most of all — I *fear* I do —
I love — Green-Mountain Girls!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. In Two Books. By DONALD MACLEOD, Author of 'PYNNSHURST,' 'BLOOD STONE,' 'Life of Sir WALTER SCOTT,' etc.: pp. 450. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, corner of Broadway and White-street.

A NEW life of MARY, Queen of Scots! Alas! what can be done or said *new*? Our libraries are filled with biographies of this unfortunate lady, and people are tired almost of hearing her name; and yet even now, a Russian Prince, LABANOFF DE ROSTOFF, a wealthy and powerful nobleman, has consecrated his life, not to writing her history, but to collecting and publishing all the extant letters and state papers that have any bearing upon it. They number *seven hundred and eighty-nine*; very few of which have hitherto been published. Then, Mrs. AGNES STRICKLAND, the most laborious and conscientious historian of modern times, is still busy at a life of the last Queen of Scotland: and BULWER has begged AYTON to write a poem, and has had his request granted; and M. DE MARLÈS, in France, and some others in other countries have dedicated themselves to the discovery of the *facts* of MARY's life: and now, here in America, comes Mr. DONALD MACLEOD with *his* contribution to the store.

It is of this latter work that we are going to speak, as it professes to do, and does, what no other work, which we know of can claim; to give a history of her life, using such life-history as a proof in matters of controversy about certain deeds. Some as Lord Chief Justiciary TYTLER, have written defences; some, like BUCHANNAN and CRAWFORD, have composed attacks on her during the time intervening between the marriage with DARNLEY and her imprisonment, about *twelve* months. Other some have written, as ROBERTSON, from a conviction of her guilt, which his work is an endeavor to prove: others, like DE MARLÈS, or WALTERS, from a conviction of her innocence which they lacked the 'State Papers,' and newly-disinterred information, to convince their readers of.

This book of Mr. MACLEOD's is a successful attempt to write a complete biography, or life-history of Queen MARY, with the actual dry, documentary proofs, which we know he possesses, which we have examined in his study, and from which we are aware that he has made up this work. It is neither

a defence, nor an attack, of any particular guilt or un-guilt of MARY's, but a *Life*, illustrated by the positive evidence of state papers, cotemporary letters, and other documents of the *time*, now recently, for the first time, laid before the public.

After a sketch of the broken-hearted death of the chivalric JAMES the Fifth, and one of the widowhood of his noble queen, MARY of Lorraine, the work treats exclusively of MARY STUART. It tells the story of her infancy; her life in France; her stormy, mournful career in Scotland; her nineteen years' prisoner-life in England. It mentions the carving of her cradle; it describes the form of the black-hung block whereon the fairest neck in Christendom was severed. Mr. MACLEOD does not believe in any 'art or part,' complicity of Queen MARY in the cruel murder of DARNLEY. Yet he gives *verbatim ac litteratim*, the argument of Dr. ROBERTSON against her, as well as a 'verbal' copy of the prominent parts of GEORGE BUCHANNAN'S '*Detection*,' which was the only evidence used against her, when prosecuted by MURRAY, before ELIZABETH, which were by that queen pronounced valueless, and which were exhumed long years after, to blacken the memory of a woman, whom her bitterest enemy declared guiltless on their testimony.

It is well known that the author of '*Pynnshurst*,' '*Blood Stone*,' and the '*Life of Sir Walter Scott*,' could not well write a *dull* work: that was quite out of the question; but in nothing that has ever proceeded from his pen, have the characteristics of vigor of style, of strong idiomatic English; of close argument, deep feeling, and at times a burning eloquence, been so apparent as in the work before us. In the grouping of the facts embraced in the divisions of the eras treated of in the life of MARY, there is an effect as dramatic as the changing scenes of a woful tragedy, passing before one's eyes upon the pictured stage. Designing hereafter to present a review proper of this work, which we predict will meet with an unprecedented success, as well abroad as at home, we content ourselves with a few brief passages, in justification of the praise which we have awarded to our author's style. Passing the rapid but most graphic sketch of JAMES the Fifth, the 'Poor Man's King,' the touching picture of 'MARY of Lorraine,' the 'Rough Wooing' of that 'incestuous beast,' HENRY the Eighth, we come to our first present extract, under the division of 'The Maidenhood' of the beautiful Scottish Queen. The young child-queen is in France, where her career, and the love and affection which she elicited, are admirably described:

'THREE important facts signalize this year 1551.

'A visit from her mother, who tore herself from the troubles of her government in Scotland, to give a few months to her darling in France, to bestow that heart-instruction that only a mother can bestow; to see that her infant's mind was as she desired it to be; to be beside her in her first terrible danger, and then to fold her once more to her bosom, to go back to the cold realm of Scotland, and to see her child no more on earth forever.

'The second fact is the formal demand of her hand for EDWARD VI. of England, by the Marquis of Northampton, to which demand the little lady gave a decided 'No.'

'And the third is the horrid attempt to poison her by an archer of the Scots Guard, ROBERT STUART by name. He mingled the deadly powder in her favorite dish, and accident alone prevented the accomplishment of his fiendish design. He was tried, found guilty, and executed, but did not divulge the reason of his crime. He was an adherent of MARSHW, Earl of Lenox, a pretendant to the Scottish throne, and may have been instigated by him. Or, likelier still, as he was of the reformed religion, a fanatical hatred of his royal mistress, for her creed's sake, may have been the motive which urged him to so base, cruel, and disloyal an attempt.

'The next six or seven years were passed at the Court, at Blois, or at Médon with her brave uncle, FRANCIS of Guise, who did his best to spoil her by indulgence, and who received from her the truest filial affection that child could pay. Some troubles she had even in this halcyon time and tide of youth, among which was a wretched tease of a governess. This was Madame PAROIS, in whose favor Lady FLEMING had been superseded, and who united the querulous disposition consequent upon chronic ill-health, to the peevish wilfulness of a religious bigot.'

'Two hours every day continued to be given to hard study, and the mind of the royal child ripened and expanded wonderfully. At nine years of age she composed and recited a Latin oration for some court pageant, and more than one copy of adulatory verses from GEORGE BUCHANNAN, the best Latinist and basest heart of his age. Her French was perfect, and is frequently praised by quaint old Brantome.

'But it was not all study with her; sometimes Uncle Cardinal carried her away to his own estate; sometimes the soldier FRANCIS had her with him, to listen to his story of battles, and to hunt with him in his spacious forests. On one occasion her dress caught in the branch of a tree; she was thrown from her horse and nearly ridden over by some of the hunt, who did not see her. Even the hood she wore was trodden on by horses' hoofs. She, however, gathered herself up, and arranging her soft and luxuriant chestnut hair, rejoined the chase, without manifesting any alarm whatever. Indeed, personal courage was one of her most remarkable qualities.

'My niece,' said the admiring warrior to her, 'there is one trait in which above all others, I recognize my blood in you. You are as brave as the bravest of my men-at-arms. If women went into battle now as they did in the ancient times, I think you would know how to die well.'

'This was merited praise, as she showed by all her conduct during the perils that beset her, when she marched at the head of her armies to punish her rebel lords, and when she confronted the undeserved death of a criminal with the heroic and patient fortitude of a martyr.

'Not less remarkable, at this period, as throughout her life, is her constant and affectionate remembrance of and care for all who served her. She constantly asked favors for them from her royal mother, and when the day of her power came, she heaped benefits upon all who had the slightest claim upon her. She was the idol of the Court and of the people. No ball, nor tournament, nor festival, was complete without her, and the people would throng about her when she went abroad, to look on her and bless her. It was about this time, when walking in the Candlemas procession, a poor woman, struck by her transcendent beauty and youthful grace, broke through the crowd, threw herself at the child's feet, and asked her if she *were not an angel*.

'So went on her sweet, pure child life, already dimmed in its lustre by the cares of the heavy crown, yet, ever loving, ever thoughtful of others. In one letter she gives her mother power to create a prince; in another she begs for some Shetland ponies to distribute among her young friends. Never, but once in this time, is one personal complaint heard; no utterances but tender gentle, loving ones come from her; and how it was possible for men to hate her and to seek her life, even at this period, is a marvel and astonishment to the present writer. . . . So passed away the years of sunshine and peace, the guileless and generally happy days of maidenhood, and then, Fate, the inexorable, closed the relentless gates of Time upon them.'

The marriage of MARY will attract the attention of our lady-readers. The passage forms a picture, dashed in from a palette well 'laid,' and rich in color:

'On the Sunday following, the solemn ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, the Cardinal, with all the pomp and splendor that the beauty of the ritual and the magnificent style of the times could allow. The chroniclers, ancient and modern, vie with each other in the minute description of the scene; poets poured in their epithalamia by dozens, most eloquent and enthusiastic among whom was Master GEORGE BUCHANNAN.

'MARY was, of course, looking exquisitely; her fresh bloom of sixteen years was clad 'in a robe whiter than a lily, with a regal mantle and train of bluish-gray cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls.' She, like her mother, was considerably above the ordinary size of women, and exquisitely formed, particularly her hands and feet. Her hair was very abundant, and of a rich chestnut color, her eyes large and very dark hazel, and complexion that of a delicate brunette, clear, but without much color. So she stood at the side of her young husband, FRANCIS the Dauphin, in the open pavilion, erected before the doors of Notre Dame, and heard the blessing pronounced which was to make her, eventually, queen of France, while the shores of the Seine rung with the acclamations of the delighted and enthusiastic people.

'Then followed the grand dinner at the palace of the archbishop, and then the courtly ball, which terminated at the very reasonable hour of five o'clock in the afternoon. After that, back to the palace, where supper and rich pageants had been commanded.

A hundred gentlemen served the meal; a hundred more, raised on a dais 'discoursed most excellent music.' FRANCIS LE BALAFRE, heroic DUC DE GUISE, was master of the ceremonies: the vases, flagons, and basins, fresh from the magic chisel of BENVENUTO CELLINI flashed on the board. Fleurs-de-lys in gold, studded the azure ceiling, and from the walls, in statuesque repose, looked down the lengthened line of Gallic kings from PHARAMOND to HENRY, father of the bride-groom. The guests bore names still wonderful in history. CONDE and princely LORRAINE, and the stern constable of France, old MONTMORENCI. ANGOULEME and D'ESTE, and CATHERINE DE MEDICIS and JEANNE D'ALBRET, the saintly Queen of Navarre.

'First in the pageant, when the meal was ended, came the seven planets marching in succession, MARS in his armor, DIAN with her bow. Then five-and-twenty steeds, each bearing a young prince, defiled before the Scottish bride. Then coaches full of pilgrims, chaunting songs: then a triumphal car filled with musicians, and drawn by silver cords. Next came twelve princes on twelve unicorns, supporters of the arms of Scotland.

'But the finest pomp of all was after the dancing had been ended, when six fine galleys with silver masts sailed in, each guided by a prince, who, as they passed the groups of ladies, seized and carried off one of them as the wild Norse Vikings used to win their brides. The Dauphin caught his fair young wife, the King of Navarre his pious old one, Protestant CONDE won the DUCHESS of GUISE, head of the Catholic party; and thus, in the regal hall, ablaze with light, the mirth went on, while outside, the heralds scattered money among the shouting people, and Paris was tipsy with joy.

'Why, even in sober old Scotland, across the sea, they were feasting and making merry in honor of their darling young queen's nuptials. There were 'fyes and processions,' and a play was acted in Edinburgh, and even the old '*Mons Meg*' was fired, and prudent SAWNEY sent after the bullet, and ten shillings were paid out to some body for bringing up the huge gun, 'to be schote, and for the finding and carrying of her bullet, after she was schote frae Wardie muir to the castle.'

'It was a very young couple, that royal pair; FRANCIS being but fifteen, and MARY, thirteen months his senior, in her sixteenth year. But they had grown up together, and he, though somewhat timid and feeble, was sincerely loved by his girl-wife, and returned her affection with passionate tenderness. . . . But the marriage sports and the feasting are over, and earnest life has begun for the queen Dauphiness. Now, led by ill-judged counsel, she sows the first seed of discord, to ripen into venomous maturity, between herself and ELIZABETH of England.'

'Pass but a little while,' a few short months, and the young husband is dead. He was 'attacked with an abscess in the ear;' an acute inflammation of the brain succeeded; when God 'changed his countenance, and sent him away;' and a young wife and widow remained to weep for a lover-husband, too early called hence to be here no more. But let our author depict the scene:

'TENDERLY did his young queen watch and nurse him, but he sank gradually until the fifth of December, when he yielded to his disease. When the last offices were administered to him, the feeble boy-king asked for absolution 'for all the wicked deeds that had been done in his name by his ministers of state,' and when the religious duties of the solemn hour were over, he appeared to have no earthly thought but for the pale, fair girl who sate by his pillow weeping. Earnestly he conjured his mother to be kind to her, to love her as a daughter: as earnestly he asked his brothers to promise that she should be a beloved sister to them; and so, in his seventeenth year of life, in the seventeenth month of his reign, FRANCIS II. died.

'With his death the GUISES fell, and CATHERINE DE MEDICIS was once more Regent and Mistress of France, and prepared to avenge upon the QUEEN of Scots whatever slights she had borne during that short sad reign.

'MARY was now an orphan and a widow: her protector, HENRY II. was dead; her uncles fallen; her royal mother-in-law and cousin her implacable enemies; her birth-realm torn by conflicting parties; she herself a poor, young, friendless queen. 'She was,' says the English spy, Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON, 'a heavy and dolorous wife, as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him through his nineteen days' sickness, and by painful diligence about him, but especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body.'

'So writes THROCKMORTON to her foe ELIZABETH. 'Take care of her for my sake, pleaded the dying king. 'O FRANCIS!' exclaimed CHARLES IX., looking at her portrait, 'happy brother! Though your life and reign were so short, you were to be envied in this, that you were the possessor of that angel, and the object of her love.'

'JOHN KNOX, recording the death of FRANCIS, speaks of him simply as 'the husband of our JEZEABEL.'

'MARY has recorded somewhat of her own feeling of bereavement in a letter to the King of Spain, and in the verses that close this chapter.

"You have consoled," she writes to PHILIP II., "by your letters, the most afflicted poor woman under heaven, God having deprived me of all I loved and held most dear on earth, and left me no other comfort save that of seeing others deplore his loss, and my too great misfortune. God will assist me, if it pleases Him to bear what comes from Him with patience, for without His aid, I confess I should find so great a calamity too heavy for my strength and little virtue."

'And these are the widow's verses:

'The voice of my sad song
With mournful sweetness guides
My piercing eye along
The track that death divides;
'Mid sharp and bitter sighs,
My youth's bright morning dies!

'Can greater woes employ
The scourge of ruthless fate?
Can any hope, when joy
Forsakes *my* high estate?
My eye and heart behold
The shroud their love enfold.

'O'er my life's early spring,
And o'er its opening bloom,
My deadly sorrows fling
The darkness of the tomb.
My star of Hope is set
In yearning and regret.

'That which once made me gay
Is hateful in my sight;
The brightest smiles of day
To me is darkest night:
No keener pangs contend
Than mine their stings to blend.

'On Memory's steadfast throne
One image ever reigns,
Whose outward name alone
My garb of woe maintains.
And violets paint my cheek
With hues that lovers seek.

'I find on earth no rest,
Unwonted source of grief,
Yet changes may be blest,
If they can bring relief.
The world, whate'er my fate,
Alike is desolate.

'When to the distant skies
I raise my tearful sight,
The sweetness of his eyes
Beams from the cloudy height.
Or from the clear, deep wave,
He smiles as from the grave.

'When day's long toil is o'er,
And dreams steal round my couch,
I hear that voice once more,
I thrill to that dear touch.
In labor and repose,
My soul his presence knows.

'No other object seems,
Lovely though it may be,
What my sight worthy deems,
For others or for me.
My heart shall ne'er o'erthrow
The summit of love's wo.

'My song, these murmurs cease
With which thou hast complained.
Thine echo shall be peace!
Love changeless and unfeigned,
Shall draw no weaker breath,
In parting nor in death.'

'Such, for her perished youth, her orphaned loneliness, and her dead boy-husband, such was the lament of 'JEZEBEL!'

A more *faithfully-prepared* work than this has seldom been given to the press. As we have said, we can bear personal testimony to the rigor of research, the patient investigation, the careful collation and clear arrangement of rare yet entirely authentic *matériel*, by which Mr. MacLEOD has honorably distinguished his work: still, with all his details, which are necessary to fortify and render irrefragable the positions which he assumes, the spirit of the poet breaks out occasionally, as in the subjoined opening sketch of MARY's birth:

'MARY, Queen of Scots, was born in the Palace of Linlithgow, not very far from Edinburg, on the seventh of December, 1542. Her father never saw her, nor she him, and already she became the object of contending ambitious rivalries and hates, which were to pursue her remorselessly to the melancholy end. But that will be seen in its place. Enough just now that the sweet heather bloom of our hills and moorlands is born; born amid sighs and wild exultant huzzas, beneath the tears of a realm, and the sun-shine of momentary popular pleasure. From the tall cataract-guttered hills, where sleeps the eternal snow, white, cold, and silent; from the purple moorland where the bee hums in the summer, and the stately ptarmigan and black-cock lurk and brood; from the glen, upon whose side the ten-tined stag feeds with uplifted ears; from the still loch, silver or black, or 'burnished sheet of living gold,' as God's shadow, or sun or moon-light chanced to fall upon it; from the rough river, where golden salmon leap against the rapids; from clusters of larch and fir-trees stirred by the northern breeze, came the full sough of pain and joy. Solway is lost, but Scotland hath an heir.'

To all which we have nothing to add, save that the work is printed upon large clear-faced types and good paper, and really 'embellished' with one or two excellent engravings.

SONGS AND BALLADS. By SIDNEY DYER. In one volume: pp. 298. New-York: SHELDON, BLAKEMAN AND COMPANY. Indianapolis: STEARNS AND SPICER.

WE trust we violate no confidence—indeed we feel well assured that we do not, as the letter from which we cite a single passage, is in no respect designated as of a private character—when we present the following lines, extracted from a note to the EDITOR by the author of the volume before us: a work which, beside being well-printed, upon good paper, is additionally embellished by an excellent steel-engraving, purporting, we have no doubt truly, to be a correct portrait of the author. The author modestly says: 'I have ventured to publish the accompanying volume, hoping that the songs which it contains may thus secure some of the wide popularity bestowed upon them in connection with the beautiful melodies to which they have been wedded, and thus enable them to accomplish the education of two motherless daughters.' We hope that this may indeed be so: and we desire to render our thanks to Mr. DYER for the kind and flattering words which he has been pleased to express in relation to the 'critical judgments' of this Magazine, which he assures us was 'the *first* Magazine he ever subscribed for, and will be the last which he shall cease to read.' Mr. DYER's volume has not been perused by us with that careful critical attention that we could desire. Many and various books have been published and sent to us recently for perusal and for notice. Some we have not received: the weather has been cold, and navigation uncertain. Others, which we *have* received, we have scarcely been able to read at all: that is to say, no *portions* of the said works. But not so with the volume before us; the contents of which, we are informed, were mostly 'written for music-publishers, who furnished the titles and form of the versification, leaving the author no choice in the matter:' and he reasonably explains, that his 'orders' required the preservation of a particular measure. Writing thus, as it were, in fetters, we solicit attention to two or three specimens of the *manner* in which Mr. DYER, as a song-writer, has acquitted himself of the task 'imposed' upon him. Thus reads '*The Old Stage-Coach*:'

'THOUGH others boast of their rail-road speed,
The rattling car, and the whistle's scream,
And look with pride on the iron steed,
With fiery lungs, and a breath of steam;
The jostling, crowding, rushing a-head,
And scolding, fretting, all in a rage;
I sigh again for the visions, fled,
Of turnpike roads and the old mail-stage.
Then, ho! for the days of the turnpike road,
The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
The mellow horn, and the merry load
That used to ride in the old stage-coach!

'The old stage-coach, in its golden day,
 Rolled proudly on, with its cheerful load,
 And claimed from all the full right of way,
 A monarch, then, of the turnpike road !
 But now the day of its pride is o'er,
 It yields the palm to the railway train ;
 The dear old friend, so beloved of yore,
 We ne'er shall look on its like again.
 Then, ho ! for the days of the turnpike road,
 The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
 The mellow horn, and the merry load
 That used to ride in the old stage-coach !

'The old stage-coach, as it came, of old,
 Each idler roused with its noisy din ;
 With cracking whip, how it briskly rolled,
 With conscious pride, to the village inn !
 But now it stands in the stable-yard,
 With dusty seats and a rusty tire,
 And we this friend of our youth discard,
 For railway cars and a steed of fire ;
 Yet give me the days of the turnpike road,
 The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
 The mellow horn, and the merry load
 That used to ride in the old stage-coach !

'Though others boast of their rail-road speed,
 The rattling cars, and the whistle's scream,
 And look with pride on the iron steed,
 With lungs of fire and a breath of steam,
 I sigh again for the golden day,
 When, up the green, with its merry load,
 The old stage came, as it held the sway,
 A monarch, proud, of the turnpike road.
 Then, ho ! for the days of the turnpike road,
 The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
 The mellow horn, and the merry load
 That used to ride in the old stage-coach !'

'*The Heart Can Trust No More*' is one of those 'songs for music' that, 'given' the first rhyming word, the hearer can give the next, though he were partly deaf, and in a dark cellar on a dark night, with his right hand tied behind him :

Hopes once gone are gone forever,
 They return not to the heart ;
 Though we seek them, yet they never
 Will again their light impart.
 Thus, if love's first vows are broken,
 Every dream of bliss is o'er ;
 Truth, once sullied, is the token
 That the heart can trust no more !

'Wealth and beauty, swiftly flying,
 Onward griefs can all be met ;
 While on plighted vows relying,
 Fortune's frowns bring no regret.
 But, if truth has once departed,
 Love's fond dreams of bliss are o'er ;
 Then, alas ! the broken-hearted
 Feels the heart can trust no more !'

'*The Serenade*,' on page ninety-three, is open to the same objection which we have more than once urged in these pages against this species of mis-called 'poetry :

'AWAKE ! the moon-beams crown the night,
 And slumber on the sea, love,
 And all the stars above are bright,
 Awake from dreams of me, love !
 Awake from dreams of me !

'The voice of night delights the ear,
 And floats along the lea, love,
 But thine, more sweet, I wait to hear,
 Breathe one fond word for me, love !
 Breathe one fond word for me !

'Sweet incense pours from dewy flowers,
 Fit emblem pure of thee, love,
 And zephyrs come from honeyed bowers,
 Awake, and list to me, love !
 Awake, and list to me !

'Let beauty weave her magic spell,
 It has no charms for me, love ;
 Since first I loved thee, oh ! how well,
 My heart is true to thee, love !
 My heart is true to thee !

'Where'er the bliss of balmy sleep
From care shall set thee free, love,
And angels watch around thee keep,
Bright be thy dreams of me, love!
Bright be thy dreams of me!

'But now, while moon-beams crown the
night,
And slumber on the sea, love,
And all the stars above are bright,
Awake, and smile on me, love!
Awake, and smile on me!'

Now, with his titles prescribed, his measure dictated, his lengths suggested, how could Mr. DYER acquit himself more worthily? True *poetry*, to be sure, cannot be so 'created.' Yet Mr. DYER's songs, *as songs*, must claim the merit of simplicity, feeling, and directness, or they never would have been 'ordered' by his publishers, or purchased by the public. Few people buy what they do not want. With these brief comments, we cordially commend these 'Songs and Ballads' to our readers; hoping that for the author's sake, and the welfare of his children, they may be widely read and sung. That not a few of them will touch many a heart, from association, as they shall be feelingly rendered by a good vocalist, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt.

FRANK FORESTER'S HORSE AND HORSEMANSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH PROVINCES OF NORTH-AMERICA. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. With Steel-Engraved original portraits of Celebrated Horses. In two volumes. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

A WORK of this kind has long been needed. We know nothing about our native horses, except that they justly rank among the best in the world. In New-England we hear about the 'Morgans,' those sturdy, well-knit little fellows, that pull along a big load 'in three minutes.' In New-York the Messenger breed, with its long slim legs, so well adapted for light work. In other quarters we find the immense dray-horse, and the running turf-horse; but of their ultimate origin we know little. Heretofore the pedigree of running horses has alone been considered worthy of record, but the Declaration of Independence in effect discarded the running horse as the exclusive property of the aristocrat and the man of useless pleasure, and installed in its place the more practical, democratic trotter. This animal has now become an American institution, his achievements a matter of national pride, and his strain of national importance. Whether riding for pleasure or business, in peace or war, the trotter will distance the runner at the end of a day, while for a vehicle of pleasure, the stage-coach, or the more laborious wain the trotter is far superior to the running horse. It probably will be acknowledged without an argument, that blood is as necessary for a superior animal of the one gait as the other.

Conceding this, the importance of a work like that before us is evident. It gives us the best history of the American horse that is at present attainable, as no stud-books were kept in the early periods of our colonial history. It gives a calm disquisition upon the varied qualities of the various breeds, which, if not absolutely correct, may be taken as data for any corrective argument which may be necessary. It points out the most approved method

of breeding, feeding, training, shoeing, etc., etc. In short, it is the American horse as it was, as it is, and as it should be. For particulars see the General Contents.

Surely this design is good: will it be carried out? Is it not answer enough that FRANK FORESTER understands it? When parturient with a Greek ode, a classic poem, a romance, a dissertation on dogs, fishes or sport, was there ever a failure? Did not the full time of gestation bring forth a perfect work? If there is a literary man in the United States who is capable of performing this work better than any other, it is he who has undertaken it. By taste, by education, and by long toil and research, he is especially adapted, and we are confident in its success.

Artistically, the work will be a great one, ranking in all respects with the great gift-books of the season, *The Courts of WASHINGTON*, and *NAPOLEON*. It will be elegantly printed on fine linen paper, in two imperial octavo volumes, of eleven hundred pages. The text will be interspersed with numerous wood-cuts illustrative. Its chief adornments will be some score of exquisite engravings — *India proof impressions* of the famous racers and trotters of America. Among them will be found accurate portraits of SIR ARCHY, ECLIPSE, GLENCOE, (imported,) BLACK MARIA, BOSTON, FASHION, LEXINGTON, PRYOR, POCAHONTAS, FLORA TEMPLE, LADY SUFFOLK, WHALEBONE, STELLA, ALICE GREY, etc., drawn by the celebrated artists SMILLIE, H. DE LATTRE, E. TROYE, A. FISHER, and C. HANDCOCK, and engraved by HINSHELWOOD, DUTHIE, BUTREE, and BURT.

Fact in the main composes this book, but fancy lends its magic influence in its adornment. Two most appropriate designs from the pencil of DARLEY are intended as vignettes for the title-pages of the volumes. The illustrator of the 'Sketch-Book,' and more recently of 'Margaret,' has been most happy in these designs, and while having the familiarity of home scenes and peculiarities, rival in grace and spirit the celebrated works of LANDSEER.

It may be thus seen how great is the inception, how complete its fruition. We commend it to all who love to witch the world with noble horsemanship, or who can perceive the distinction between a horse and a jackass. The following compose the *General Contents*:

'THE HORSE: Its Origin, Native Land, History, and Natural History. The History of the English Blood Horse. The History of the American Horse; of the American Blood Horse; of the American Turf; Lists and Pedigrees of Imported Mares and Stallions; Comparative Tables of the Stock of Native and Imported Stallions, in the last quarter of a century. Pedigrees, Performances, Description, Time and Anecdotes of the most celebrated American Race Horses; Rules of Race Courses. History of the American Trotting Horses; Descriptions, Performances, Time, and Anecdotes of the most celebrated American Trotters; Tables of Time; Rules of Trotting. History of various Families of the American Horse. The Canadian; the Mustang; the Pennsylvania Draught Horse; the Vermont Draught Horse; the Narragansett Pacer; the Morgan Horse; the Carriage Horse; the Roadster. An Essay on Breeding Blood Stock; for General Use; for Cavalry Purposes. An Essay on Stabling; an Essay on Feeding, Clothing, Conditioning, and Shoeing; an Essay on Breaking, Riding, Driving, and Managing, on the Road, on the Field, and on the Turf. General Rules for Preserving Health, Preventing Disease, and for General Field and Stable Management.'

SEVEN YEARS' STREET-PREACHING IN SAN-FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: embracing Incidents, Death-Scenes, etc. By REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR, of the California Conference. Edited by W. P. STRICKLAND. In one volume: pp. 394. Published for the Author.

WE confess to no great admiration for that class of incapable religious wharf-rats, those pot-ash kettle and ship-timber divines, who on warmish Sundays, slightly elevated above the mud which surrounds their auditors and the docks of our Great Metropolis, dispense spiritual nostrums, in perfect keeping with their unsanctified rostrums: but at the same time, we honor the man 'adequately who, with the ability to speak fitly, with the power to pronounce a great argument,' and with a true love for the faith that is in him, 'shames not to stand up for his cause, so it be good, wherever he may be.' Judging not so much perhaps from the contents of the volume above noted, as from looking, as it were, with the writer's eyes, from his own 'stand-point,' we must infer him to have been, in the interval embraced by his labors here recorded, much such a man. In his opening chapter, he tells us, in short 'divisions' of argument, why it was that he preached in the streets and high-ways of the city. His syllabus is as follows: 'Because it is a duty, enjoined by the LORD JESUS CHRIST: 'It is supported by Divine and Apostolic Precedent and Example: 'It has been confirmed by a Divine Attestation: 'and 'The Moral Necessity of Street-Predaching,' as Demonstrated by our SAVIOUR, who said: 'Go ye into *all* the world, and teach the Gospel to *every* creature.' In his 'Introduction,' the editor quotes the following passage from a letter, dated in September last, addressed to the author, by Hon. WILSON FLINT, of the California State Senate, reminding him of an incident which occurred on the Plaza in San-Francisco, the first time he heard him deliver the 'preachéd word:'

'It was on a Sunday morning, in December, 1849, when landing from the Panama steamer, I wended my way with the throng to Portsmouth Square, this being at that time the great resort of the denizens of the rising metropolis. Three sides of the square were mostly occupied by buildings, which served the double purpose of hotels and gambling-houses, the latter calling being regarded at that time as a very reputable profession. On the fourth and upper side of the square was an adobe building, from the steps of which you were discoursing from the text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'

'It was a scene I shall never forget. On all sides of you were gambling-houses, each with its band of music in full blast. Crowds were going in and out; fortunes were being lost and won, terrible imprecations and blasphemies rose amid the horrid wail, and it seemed to me that Pandemonium was let loose. Above all this, I heard you utter the following prophetic sentence, which has since been fully realized: 'The power of SATAN seems at this time in the ascendancy, wherever I cast my eye; but, sure as there is a God in heaven, we will turn the tables upon the EVIL ONE, and where now my voice meets naught but scoffs and jeers, with unwavering faith in my Divine MASTER, I hope to labor on to the time when these dens of iniquity around me shall all be swept away.'

'Six years of time have sped on, and what a wondrous change! Portsmouth Square now, of a Sabbath morn, is thronged with women and children wending their way to the numerous churches in the surrounding localities. A great metropolis spreads out on every side, and civilization and Christianity go hand in hand to humanize the race of man.'

Let us proceed to present one or two examples of the persuasive eloquence adverted to by 'the honorable gentleman.' Our first extract may possibly proceed from the discourse alluded to by Mr. FLINT: at any rate, it was

preached on the very 'Rialto' of the then multitudinous gamesters of San-Francisco :

'WHEN the appointed hour arrived I took with me my 'sweet singer in Israel,' the partner of my youth, who has stood by me in every battle; and down I went to the field of action. I selected for my pulpit a carpenter's work-bench, which stood in front of one of the largest gambling-houses in the city. I got Mrs. T. and another lady or two comfortably seated, in care of a good brother, and taking the stand, I sung on a high key :

"HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.
JESUS reigns, he reigns victorious
Over heaven and earth most glorious.
Jesus reigns,' etc.

'The novelty of the thing had a moving effect. The people crowded out of the gambling-houses, and gathered together from every direction, as though they had heard the cry, 'Fire! fire! fire!' By the time the echoes of the song had died on the breeze, I was surrounded by a dense crowd, to whom I introduced the object of my mission, as follows: Gentlemen, if our friends in the Atlantic States, with the views and feelings they entertained of California society when I left there, had heard that there was to be preaching this afternoon on Portsmouth Square, in San-Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion, and riot; but we, who are here, believe very differently. One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those stars and stripes floating on the breeze, (pointing to the flag of our Union,) and who loves the institutions fostered under them; in a word, there's no true American but will observe order under the preaching of God's word anywhere, and maintain it, if need be. We shall have order, gentlemen. I apprehend that for the last twelve months at least, you have all been figuring under the rule of 'loss and gain.' In your tedious voyage 'round the Horn,' or your wearisome journey over the Plains, or your hurried passage 'across the Isthmus,' and during the few months of your sojourn in California, losses and gains have constituted the theme of your thoughts and calculations. Now, I wish most respectfully to submit to you a question under your favorite rule. I want you to employ all the mathematical power and skill you can command, and patiently work out the mighty problem. The question may be found in the twenty-sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of our Lord's Gospel by St. MATTHEW. Shall I announce it? 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

'Every man present was for that hour 'a true American.' Perfect order was observed, and profound attention given to every sentence of the sermon that followed. The warrant for street preaching in San-Francisco was thus acknowledged, and the precedent of good order, under the preaching of the word in these 'high-ways,' was thus established. That sermon proved to be the first of a series of nearly six hundred sermons preached in these streets, the confluence of all the various creeds, and isms, and notions, and feelings, and prejudices of the representatives of all the nations, Christian and heathen. And yet, through the restraining providence of Him who sent me, and the good common-sense of the people of California, I have never lost a congregation, nor suffered any serious disturbance.'

There was not a little knowledge of 'men and things' exhibited in this discourse, if we may judge from the passage we have quoted. Brother TAYLOR's first sermon at Sacramento, though it seems to have pleased himself 'to a degree' and a half, or two degrees, does not impress us with a 'realizing sense' of that fervor—that impassioned elo—that intense concentration of—that——

The following is an extract from the discourse under notice :

'In the afternoon of the said Sabbath day, I selected a goods-box on the 'levee' for a pulpit, and opened my commission for the first time in the streets of that city. While singing the 'royal proclamation,' two men rode up near to where I stood. I never learned their names, but, for convenience, will call them BACCHUS and FAIRPLAY. BACCHUS was pretty drunk, and began to yell and make a great ado. Judge W. and a few others took hold of his mule's bridle, and tried to lead him away.

"Let me alone," cried BACCHUS.

"Let go his bridle," said FAIRPLAY. 'This is a public street, and you have no busi-

ness to interfere with him. Let him go, I tell you. If you don't let him go I'll see that you pay dearly for it.' And many other hard threats were uttered by Mr. FAIRPLAY.

The singing, which had been continued without interruption, together with the strife and hallooing of the drunken man, attracted an immense crowd. When the opening hymn was ended, Judge W. and his companion had gotten BACCHUS off to the distance of about thirty yards, and had about equally divided the crowd. At that moment I called to the Judge and his company, saying: 'If you please, gentlemen, let him go, and I'll take care of him.' But they had become so zealous in the matter that they seemed determined to drag him away, and would not let him go. By the time I had sung another song of Zion, they had got but a few feet further off, and had half the audience, who appeared to be more interested in the fate of the drunken man than in the songs of the preacher. I then called to them again, and said: 'Gentlemen, you had better take my advice. If you will let that man go, I will send him away in one minute. I am surprised at you, Sacramento folks. Come down to San-Francisco, and attend preaching on the Plaza next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and I'll show you how to behave. Men naturally run after an excited crowd, but you have all seen the great attraction, a drunken man on a mule. Now, let me manage that fellow, and all of you come up here; I've got something to tell you.'

'With that they let BACCHUS's mule go. I then addressed his threatening, storming companion, FAIRPLAY, and said: 'I deliver that man up to you, Sir; I want you to take charge of him, and lead him away. Take good care of him, if you please.'

'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'I will,' tipping his hat as he made his best bow, and immediately led him away. The whole crowd then gathered round me, and I said: 'Gentlemen, some of my friends here say that it is getting too late for preaching this afternoon; that by the time I get under way the supper 'gongs' and bells will ring, and that you will all run off to supper. I have some very important things to say to you, and I will have done before the tea gets cold. Now you had better stay and hear me out, and my friends here will find that they are not so good at guessing as they thought they were.'

'I then announced as my text: 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' The preliminary exercises seemed to have raised the temper of their minds to an impressive state, and the power of God's Holy Spirit manifestly attended the word. Many eyes unused to weeping, gave forth their briny streams. Good order and great solemnity pervaded the entire assembly. The supper-gongs in the neighborhood set up a prodigious ringing before I had got half through, but I saw none leave. All seemed willing to risk the 'cold tea.'

In order to exhibit a faithful and forceful picture of the 'Spread of the Gospel under Difficulties,' at that time in California, we cite the annexed brief extracts. Let our metropolitan friends of 'Trinity,' 'St. GEORGE,' 'Grace,' 'Trinity Chapel-of-Ease, and 'Saint PAUL's, think of the 'preached word' delivered from the top of whiskey and pork barrels:

'I HAPPENED to get for my pulpit on that occasion a barrel of whiskey, (I have preached probably a hundred times on the heads of liquor barrels,) which stood on the wharf, and prefaced my discourse by saying: 'Gentlemen, I have for my pulpit to-day, as you see, a barrel of whiskey. I presume this is the first time this barrel has ever been appropriated to a useful purpose. The 'critter' contained in it will do me no harm while I keep it under my feet. And let me now say to you all, to sailors and to landmen, never let the 'critter' get above your feet. Keep it *under your feet*, and you have nothing to fear from it.'

'At the close of the sermon the congregation gave me a collection of one hundred and twenty dollars.'

'The Sabbath following I occupied as a pulpit, at the same place, a barrel of pork. I remarked as I balanced myself on the head of the barrel, 'I see my pulpit of last Sabbath, the barrel of whiskey, is gone, and I am very much afraid that my timely warning, as is too often the case, was not heeded, and that its contents have ere this gone down the throats of some of our fellow-citizens. I have in its stead to-day, as you see, a barrel of pork, literally less of the spirit and more of the flesh. But this is God's house while I here dispense His word, as really as the spot where JACOB slept and dreamed, and saw the ladder that reached up to heaven. God was in that place, and God is here this morning. JACOB's God is looking at you now. Oh! that the Spirit of His grace may this hour subdue your fleshly lusts, while I deliver to you a message from Him who sent me.'

'My text on this occasion was from Proverbs, third chapter, thirteenth and fourteenth verses: 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understand-

ing. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.'"

Our limits are more than attained, and our extracts are finished. We can now only refer our readers, with full confidence in their judgment and taste, to the volume whence these extracts proceed. Mr. TAYLOR's lineaments, as given in his engraved portrait, betoken a man of strong religious emotion; bad wig; much persuasive power; high cheek-bones; evident sensibility to outward scenes; short whiskers; 'reverence' large, and nostrils expanded, 'like a wild ass's colt.' He has a good coat, with a velvet collar. Mr. TAYLOR was always well received: he deserved to be, without doubt; and there is as little question that he accomplished great good. How different *his* treatment from that of 'Bishop STEVENSON,' of Pennsylvania, also a street-preacher, but of an entirely different character. Why was *he* hung, by the posterior 'slack' of his trowserloons, upon a preëminent 'prize-beef' hook, in the centre stall of Centre-Market, in Centre-street, in the smoky and industrious town of Pittsburgh, on a pleasant Sunday morning? Great was the crowd gathered around him; loud the calls for a 'discourse;' prompt his reply to the appeal: his text, 'For *necessity* is laid upon me, and wo is unto me, if I preach *not* the Gospel!' He was a little scared: the general verdict however was, that he 'preached good.' All of which treatment of Mr. STEVENSON was, to make use of a strong expression, 'faulty.'

RECORDS OF THE HEART, AND OTHER POEMS. By ESTELLE A. LEWIS. Illustrated by American Artists. One volume: pp. 420. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS extremely handsome volume contains the several poems published by Mrs. LEWIS since 184 , with large additions. For the most part, they are presented here pretty much in order, according to the date of composition, a mode of arrangement which has the advantage of showing the growth of the author's mind, her improvement in the mechanical part of composition, and the maturing and expansion of her powers. We believe that Mrs. LEWIS has yet to write her great poem. But this volume furnishes ample evidence of her ability to give to the world some poem destined, beyond all cavil and challenge, to occupy a permanent position in our national literature. The poems before us are chiefly narrative, in which we find graceful expression, facile composition, and much original thought. They have strong indications, rather than actual presentations, of extended and liberal scholarship, without any approximation to pedantry.

The best poems in the volume — the really *telling* poems — the poems which make the reader, despite of himself, think with emotion, are the sonnets. These consist of translations from PETRARCH and other foreign writers, with a series called 'Sonnets to my Study,' and another series, ('ADALINA to ADHÉMER,') also 'from the Italian,' as much as, and no more, than Mrs. BROWNING's remarkable collection 'from the Portuguese.' It is

only justice to Mrs. LEWIS to say that the greater number of *hers* were actually *published* years before Mrs. BROWNING's were even *written*.

In the sonnets, Mrs. LEWIS seems to have put forth much strength. The thought is here concentrated; the expression simple and dignified; the emotion clearly developed; the heart allowed full utterance; the pervading idea kept paramount throughout. To show the difference between the affected passion of laurelled PETRARCH and the intense passion of the poetess, while uttering her own thought, we copy two sonnets. From PETRARCH :

‘ LOVE ’ S S W E E T A N G E R .

‘ SWEET anger, sweetest wrath, sweet peace, sweet ire,
Sweet pain, sweet wo, sweet burthen of sweet good,
Sweet speech, so sweetly felt and understood;
With thy sweet pinions fan this sweetest fire.
Weep not, my soul, but suffer and be brave :
In thy too ardent flame bid honor come
Unto thy aid, and hold her blessed to whom
I erst did say : ‘ *Thou only me couldst save !* ’
Another century, perchance, will sing
With sigh of envy, this undying flame,
And weep my love's melodious suffering.
While others will exclaim : ‘ O blinding wo !
Why seal'dst our eyelids ? Why did we not claim
An earlier birth — or *they* a later know ? ’

This is little more than a sonnet of pretty conceits. It has no natural, crushing, all-possessing passion. PETRARCH wrote it, simply as a poem to be admired, not a confession or out-pouring of the heart. Far differently does Mrs. LEWIS write, from the fulness of her own soul. Here is the utterance—that of a Woman as well as of a Poet :

‘ LOVE ’ S P O W E R .

‘ LIFE had no God-light — earth no glory, till
I heard the footsteps of thy soul, and felt
Thine eyes on me like tropic sun-beams melt,
Infusing warmth through all my flame — a thrill
Of fire, that banished cold, and ice, and chill :
Then beauty on the face of all things dwelt,
And folding up its hands, my spirit knelt,
Drinking of omnipresent Love its fill.
My senses of the weight of day were purged,
Till I could peer o'er in the spirit-world
On countless souls alit with pinions furled,
Giving one gaze for gaze. With beck they urged
Me to o'er-step the bounds 'tween Life and Death,
Drawing me towards them till Soul took away my breath.’

This is the true, passionate, heart-utterance : the other but the false DUESSA.

The getting-up of this volume is very superior. The illustrations are among the best ever executed in this country. They consist of a fine portrait of the authoress, engraved by J. CHENEY, from a noble painting by ELLIOTT, with many other engravings in the first style of the art, by HALPIN, SMILLIE, PHILLIBROWN, O'NEIL, four original drawings by HUNTINGDON, DARLEY, S. W. CHENEY, H. K. BROWN, (the eminent sculptor,) CHAPPEL, and T. A. RICHARDS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WINTER-TIME ON THE LOWER HUDSON. — The snow which lay deep upon the little lawn in front of 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' has all melted away; ice in acres is slowly moving down the great Hudson with the receding tide; the cedars seem to *begin* to renew their greenness; and tiny blades of tender grass, rudiments of summer's coming crop, appear here and there among the faded blades of the vanished season. These be the harbingers of spring; but before it comes, let us present the *Winter-Picture*, of which we made mention in our last number. Thus, then, it was: 'It was of a Saturday afternoon,' and bitterly cold, when we arrived at the Erie Railroad Dépôt, at the foot of Chambers-street, and found the COMPANY's boat gone; so that home, 'around the Horn,' we could not go. Finding that the COMPANY's powerful Ice-boat, Captain HULSE, of the steamer 'ERIE,' commander, was to leave in the morning at seven, we repaired to the GIRARD-House, read and scribbled by a good Liverpool-coal fire until eleven o'clock, and then to a nice warm bed, and unbroken slumber, until six in the morning. And *what* a morning! Reader, it was *The Cold Sunday of the Year of Grace, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Seven*. Recollect that — for long will it be remembered by thousands, at least in 'York State.' On board the boat at seven, her hour for starting, 'weather permitting;' the time she *wanted* to get off, 'weather or no.' A deeply-laden barge, creaking amidst the thick ice at the stern; huge hawsers, frozen as rigid as iron; a broad, solid river in front, and even steam congealing in air, and falling like fine frost-rime upon the deck; such were the main features of the scene, as slowly and sadly we put forth. We have heretofore depicted the 'New-Haven' in the ice, both at night and in the day-time; and we only allude to the same matter now, because we should like to set grumblers to *thinking* a little. Who is to contend with the elements? 'Who can withstand the fierceness of His cold?' Your dry-goods did not arrive — you grumble: your box of hardware came not — you denounce: your 'spiritual' orders remain without fruition — you swear. But *whom* do you blame? We thought of this that morning, as we saw Chief-Pilots 'JACK STALL' and 'BILL WEATHERWAX,' with Captain 'DICK,' and 'BILL STALL,' barge-officers, backing and filling through heaps of broken and piled-up ice at the wharves.

Well, at length, say half-past eight, we are headed directly for the haven where we would be, sheer in the middle of the noble Hudson, opposite the heights of Weehawken. It is ice all. There is *no* water to be seen around: ahead there seems to be something like a 'break' in the river, toward the west shore, in the neighborhood of Fort Lee. It is an illusion. It is all ice still — that is, it is *still* ice, as it is termed, compact, firm, translucent; frozen when the winds were off and away 'wool-gathering' the white and fleecy snow in other and not distant quarters. At length somewhere toward twelve or one o'clock, as we are grinding through the thick-ribbed ice opposite Fort Washington Point, whang goes the great hawser that is pulling a heavily-loaded barge behind us. We rush from the saloon to see her ploughing onward, wedging herself into the thick mass far astern. Now we must round to. We make a long *détour*, to get back to the barge, when whang! bang! crash! and a roar of steam. The furnace-doors are suddenly opened; a lurid glare upon the thick steam, lighting up the whole scene, suggests fire: but no; 'the walking-beam has come down, and the cylinder has cracked,' says a fireman with a bleeding hand, as he emerges from below — Thus far had we scribbled some three days ago: and *now* what a change in the scene before us! It is a 'wild March morning,' Monday, the second of that stormy month, and just such another day as the awful Monday which followed the Sunday we have endeavored to describe. And right glad are we to be in our little cottage, albeit it 'rocks to the battlements' in the howling storm, and even the wide screen of cedars, beyond the drifted lawn, are hidden from view by the whirling clouds of driving snow. But never mind: let us get back to the ice-trip and snow-journey. — All assistance was now at end, unless the 'NORWICH' ice-boat, lying at the Pier, should meet us on her expected downward trip. But we waited in vain. At length, late in the afternoon, the bitter cold all the while increasing, Captain HULSE, tendering a liberal reward and 'supplies,' procured two men to seek the west shore, pass over the zig-zag road leading over a spur of the Palisades, and telegraph from 'English Neighborhood' to the Pier for assistance. They went, with ice-hooks, a ladder, etc., but returned after a space, with the information that in very deep water, almost to the shore, was a channel of broken ice, which could not be passed. So back again to the vessel. What was *now* to be done? The CAPTAIN and 'Old KNICK' conclude to try the *East* shore, reach the Hudson River Rail-road, walk six miles, and arriving at Manhattanville, find a way, by stage and far-out city cars, to reach the metropolis. No sooner proposed than attempted. With two small travelling-bags suddenly 'improvised,' and a long board, we are over the vessel's side, on the solid ice, and literally '*off*;' for such was the terrific force of the wind and storm from the biting north-east, that it seemed less than a minute before we were literally blown a mile from the steamer. Away went our best GENIX, (our old friend must re-place it, when he publishes his spring-'issey,') and away went we. We are nearing the east shore, slanting-wise, when lo! 'spoon-ice' for four or five rods, between us and the rail-road! Howbeit, upon 'that same' has been blown the hat, battered, and broken, and cut, on its rough and rapid journey; and upon a piled-up floe, or ice ridge, walks

a man from the rail-road to pick it up. We reached the edge: 'C —,' says Captain HULSE, 'this does not look very safe; but the man came out for the hat: let me go *first*: I am a heavier man than you are: keep well back of me: you have six children — I have none. If I 'go under,' report me, but don't follow!' *That* was a bad man, wasn't it, reader? *Follow* him! We would have followed him after *that*, where there was *no* ice, if we could have waddled! Well, we reached the shore, after 'a taste' of a ducking by the edge of the rail-road embankment; followed out our proposed route to town through that howling storm: visited, 'for conference and advice,' our friends Mr. MACCALLUM and Mr. BLAKE, the Superintendent and Pier-Agent: and at nine o'clock were snugly housed in a warm room at the GIRARD, where Mr. CODDINGTON made us comfortable; two tired mortals, who were in dream-land in half an hour. Nothing stirred in the waters of New-York bay the next day. A blinding snow, which hid the unfrequent pedestrian at the distance of two feet; cold of the intensest; wind that howled and ravened through the deserted streets of the metropolis — these were the features of that '*Cold and Stormy Monday*.' The next day, however, we had the pleasure to stand on the New-York and Erie Rail-road pier, and welcome the safe return of our disabled boat and barge. And now, what do you think of ice-navigation on the Hudson in the winter? And yet, bad as this was, it was exceeded, by far, afterward, and for a long period too: channels had to be cut through ice undiscoverable by the stoutest boats, but which soon closed again, and all hope of progress seemed out of the question. Disappointed dealers in the interior, expecting freight which does not arrive, and merchants, in town in a kindred dilemma, should, in the season of storms, 'think of these things:' for, as we have said, '*Who* can withstand the fierceness of His cold?'

MR. K. Q. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, that keen observer and clever caricaturist, holds forth weekly in the New-York '*Picayune*.' We fear that he thinks there is more '*Garroting*' in the newspapers than in the streets; for he gives two or three '*cases*' that would hardly bear the cross-examination of our friend, Counsellor JAMES T. BRADY. As for example:

'PIGFORD, my esteemed friend and fellow-boarder at Mrs. SNAGLEY's, has been garroted; and it really seems as if the robbers must have intimately known his private affairs, because the event occurred on the night of the very day that he received a remittance from England to pay Mrs. SNAGLEY his five months' board: he appeared at breakfast-table next morning with a countenance so much damaged, and was so cast down on her account, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him three months' longer credit, until he can get another remittance from England.'

'JENKS, another of our boarders, was garroted twice in one week: it has a bewildering effect upon JENKS: it makes him unsteady in the legs, and causes his breath to smell of rum-punch: on the first occasion of the robbing and choking outrage, he rung the area-bell of the house on the other side of the street, until a policeman interfered and brought him home: then JENKS inveigled the policeman into the house, and delivered him over to me with many formalities, assuring me that he was a garroter whom he had overpowered and captured by main strength, and he showed the star on the M.P.'s breast the place where the invincible fist of JENKS had 'smashed his jaw.' JENKS was garroted again two days after, and brought home by a gentlemanly-looking individual who picked his pockets at the door, took his over-coat, changed hats with him, and then rang the bell for the girl to come and let JENKS into the house. The girl came, and found this individual trying to whittle off one of the pickets of the iron fence with his pen-knife, and meanwhile making a furious attempt to sing the words of the 'Evening Hymn to the Virgin' to the classic air of 'Root, Hog, or Die.'

'The mania has extended even to the kitchen, and the servants are now following the example of their betters, and getting garroted on every favorable opportunity: if the boy goes to the butcher's, he is invariably, according to his own account, attacked by a band of ruffians and robbed of the money before he gets home: this has happened four successive days in broad day-light, and has cost Mrs. SNAGLEY about four-and-sixpence a time. I sent SALLY, the little errand-girl, with a dime for some beer, and she returned in tears, with the news that she, too, had been 'garroted,' and had lost the change. She had her fist full of lemon-candy, and had two big apples in her pocket, which I suppose the robbers had given her.'

'A palpable hit,' and, moreover, one that means something.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Here, ladies and gentlemen, you will see a letter from JOHANNES PHENIXINI. Could any one else *but* him have written it? We opine not. And yet see how so simple a thing as '*A Journey from Boston to New-Orleans*' can be made attractive by the pen of an original thinker and a 'ready writer':

'On the fifth of January, at eight A.M., I left the Tremont House in a hackney carriage, the wheels whereof had turned into runners. This method of progression, rendered necessary by the deep snows, is considered a great amusement in the North. Being particularly dangerous to life and limb, and usually terminating in pulmonary consumption, the pastime is very properly called sleighing.

'With a through-ticket for the great city of Cain in my pocket, I took a seat in the cars at the Worcester Rail-road depot. After waiting half-an-hour, during which time my sympathies were deeply interested by the performances of an unhappy young couple, one of whom was going somewhere and the other was n't, and who in consequence were slobbering over each other to a terrible extent, a sudden harsh bark was heard from the engine, a grating jar, which acted on my teeth like lemon-juice, followed, and we were off. The motion of a rail-road car is of two kinds, which may be called the 'heave and set, or whip-saw movement,' and the 'tip and sifter,' names sufficiently expressive to require no farther explanation. We started on the 'heave and set,' which gradually merged into the 'tip and sifter' as our velocity increased.

'On entering a rail-road car the first object of the solitary traveller should be to secure an entire seat to himself. This may generally be done successfully by taking the outside seat and skilfully disposing a small carpet-bag, great-coat, umbrella, and cane, so as to cover the inner one. As the passengers throng into the car, many will gaze earnestly at the place thus occupied, but will usually prefer to move on rather than give you trouble; but if the car is quite filled, the question will undoubtedly be asked, 'Is that seat taken, Sir?' when you should reply with an imperturbable countenance, 'It is, Sir!' and the inquirer, with perhaps a slight glance of suspicion, will move on. As a man's object should be to make himself as comfortable as possible in this world, that his mind may be in a proper frame to prepare for the next, a slight deviation from truth for the purpose of securing this object, like the above, is quite pardonable, in which opinion I am corroborated by my dear friend and Christian teacher, Rev. H. B — TOR — S, whose celebrated and useful aphorism, 'Never lie, unless it is necessary,' will doubtless recur to the reader's mind. Having made my arrangements in accordance with these views, and being as comfortable as circumstances would permit, the motion of the cars being that of a small boat in a high sea, and their noise like unto a steam saw-mill,

I composed myself to the journey. At Framingham the usual nuisances of rail-road cars commenced. First appeared the small boy with the Boston newspapers, which had been brought to him by our train; then the dirty boy, with the parched corn, who, in the intervals of trade, dabbles among his merchandise with his sore hand, and devours so much of that dry commodity, that you are fain to believe him to be his own best customer; then the big boy, with the fearful apples, 'three for five cents;' and finally that well-known and most indefatigable wretch with the 'lozengers,' who on this occasion actually sold a roll of the description called 'checkerberry' to an elderly individual of the MUGGINS family sitting near me, who eat them, and to my great joy, became wofully disordered in consequence. But the boy with the accordeon was not there—I think he has not yet got so far North. It was but the week before that I had met him, however, on the Philadelphia cars. It was after eleven o'clock; the train had passed New-Brunswick, and the passengers were trying to sleep, (ha! ha!) when the boy entered. He was a seedy youth, with a seal-skin cap, a singularly dirty face, a gray jacket of the ventilating order, and a short but remarkably broad pair of 'corduroy-corduroys.' He wore an enormous bag or haversack about his neck, and bore in his hand that most infernal and detestable instrument, an accordeon. I despise that instrument of music. They pull the music out of it, and it comes forth struggling and reluctant, like a cat drawn by the tail from an ash-hole, or a squirrel pulled shrieking from a hollow log with a ram-rod. This unprincipled boy commenced pulling at his thing and horrified us with the most awful version of that wretched 'Dog Tray' that I ever listened to. Then he walked around the car and collected forty-two cents. Then he returned to the centre of the car, and standing close to the stove, which was red hot—the night being cold—he essayed to pull out 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' when suddenly pop went the boy; he dropped the accordeon, burst into tears, and clapping his hands behind him, executed a frantic dance, accompanied by yells of the most agonizing character. I saw it all, and felt grateful to a retributive PROVIDENCE. He had stood too close to the stove and his corduroys were in a light blaze; a few inches below the termination of the gray jacket was the seat of his wo. After he got on fire the conductor put him out, and a sweet and ineffable calm came over me. I realized that 'whatever is, is right,' and I fell into a deep and happy sleep.

'The musical nuisance, fortunately, was spared us on this occasion. A tourist travelling by rail-road across the United States would have but little opportunity to collect notes for his forthcoming work. Thus my idea of Albany, at which Dutch village we arrived shortly after dark, are, a hasty scramble down a platform; then huddling into a sled with other bewildered and half-frozen passengers; then a rapid foot-race of about a quarter of a mile, encouraged by shouts of 'Leg it! the cars are off.' 'No they aint; plenty of time.' 'Hi! hi! there, round the corner, them's the cars,' etc.; then more cars and we ground on.

'It was on this Albany and Buffalo train that a little incident occurred which may be worthy of mention, and serve as a caution to future innocent travellers. I had observed that at each change of cars, and they were frequent, when the general scramble took place, one car was defended from the assault by a stalwart man, usually of the Irish persuasion, who deaf to menaces, unsoftened by entreaty, and uncorrupted by bribes, maintained his post for the benefit of the 'leddies.' 'Leddies car, Sir, av ye please; forrid cars for gentlemen without leddies.' Need I say that this car so reserved was by far the most comfortable of the train, and that with that stern resolve which ever distinguishes me in the discharge of my duty toward my-

self, I determined to get into it *coute qui coute*. So when we changed cars at Utica, I rushed forth, and seeing a nice young person, with a pretty face, bonnet and shawl, and a large portmanteau, urging her way through the crowd, I stepped up by her side and with my native grace and gallantry offered my arm and my assistance. They were gratefully accepted, and proud of my success, I ushered my fair charge up to the platform of the ladies' car. My old enemy was holding the door. 'Is that your lady, Sir?' said he. With an inward apology to Mrs. PHOENIX for the great injustice done to her charms by the admission, I replied: 'Yes.' Judge of my horror when this low employée of a monopolizing and unaccommodating rail-road company, addressing my companion with the tone and manner of an old acquaintance, said: 'Well, SAL, I guess you've done well, but I do n't believe his family will think much of the match.' However, I got into the ladies' car, and having repudiated the young person SARAH, got an exceedingly pleasant seat by the side of a very warm and comfortable young lady of a sleepy turn and quiet disposition. I would n't have exchanged her for two buffalo-robcs, but alas! she got off at Syracuse, and then, frosty Caucasus, how cold it was! And so grinding, and jolting, jarring, sliding, and freezing, wore away the long night.

'In the morning we were at Buffalo. I saw nothing of it but a rail-road depot; but I remember thinking as I stamped my feet and thrashed my arms to restore the circulation, that if that sort of weather continued, 'the Buffalo girls could n't come out to-night,' and would probably have to postpone their appearance until the summer-season.

'Among the passengers on the Erie Rail-road was a very interesting family, on their way to Terre Haute, (Ind.) There was the father, a fine manly figure; the mother, pale, delicate, and lady-like; and nieces, cousins, and babies innumerable, but all pretty and pleasant to behold. But the gem of the family was 'BELLE.' BELLE was the factotum, she nursed the babies, went errands for her father, helped her mother, and was always on hand to render assistance to any body, anywhere; and though her patience must have been sorely tried, she preserved her amiability and genuine good nature so thoroughly that she became to me an object of constant attention and admiration. She was evidently the manager of that family, and went about every thing with a business-like air, quite refreshing to observe. She was about sixteen years old, very pretty, neatly dressed, and of a most merry and vivacious disposition, as was evinced by every sparkle of her bright eyes. Farewell, 'BELLE,' probably you'll never see this tribute from your unknown admirer, or meet him in *propria personæ*; but the loss will hardly be felt, for you must have more admirers already than you know what to do with. Happy is the man that's destined to ring the BELLE of Terre Haute.

'All day and all night we ground along, 'ripping and staving.' We passed through Columbus where the people had been having a grand ball to celebrate the completion of their State Capitol, and picked up three hundred and eighty-four survivors, each of whom contained a pint and a half of undiluted whiskey. And so in the morning we came to Cincinnati, where for fifteen minutes we tarried at the BURNETT House, the most magnificent hotel in these United States. Here I met with FISHER, the celebrated rail-road traveller, who accompanied us to Sandoval, and with whom I was particularly charmed. FISHER is the original inventor of that ingenious plan of getting rid of an unpleasant occupant of the same seat, by opening the window on the coldest night, so that the draught shall visit searchingly the back of the victim's neck; and of that method of taking up the seat and disposing it as an inclined plane, and going to sleep thereon in such a complicated manner as

to defy subsequent intrusion. What he does not know about rail-roads is of no manner of consequence and useless to acquire. Thanks to his experience, we enjoyed the luxury of two seats together, and it was with deep regret that I parted with him at Sandoval. The change of cars from the Erie to the Illinois Central, is a delightful incident. The latter has the broad gauge, the seats are comfortable and convenient, the speed exhilarating, and no exertion is spared by the civil conductors to render the passengers as happy as circumstances will permit. I have never travelled more comfortably than on the Illinois Central, and hereby wish long life and prosperity to the company.

'The third day and the third night were over, we had passed safely through the city of Sandoval, which consists of one house, where the cars are detained five hours for the benefit of an aged villain who gave us very poor roasted buzzard and called it wild turkey; and, grateful to PROVIDENCE, we arrived at Grand Cairo.

'I stepped out of the cars a shorter man than when I started. The friction for three days and three nights had reduced my height two-and-a-half inches; a singular psychological fact, which I recommend to the consideration of the learned WALKER.

'Cairo is a small hole at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi River, surrounded by an artificial bank to prevent inundation. There are here about thirteen inhabitants, but the population is estimated at three thousand, that being a rough estimate of the number of people that were once congregated there, when five trains of cars arrived before a boat left for New-Orleans. They were enjoying the luxury of the small-pox at Cairo when we arrived; they are always up to something of the kind; a continued succession of amusements follow. The small-pox having terminated its engagement, the cholera makes its appearance, and is then followed by yellow fever for the season. Sweet spot! DICKENS has immortalized it under the name of Eden, an evident misnomer, for no man worth as much as ADAM could remain there by any possibility.

'The fine steamer 'James Montgomery' was about to leave for New-Orleans, and we soon found ourselves most comfortably, indeed luxuriously established on board. A very merry passage we had to this great Crescent City, under the charge of our stout and jovial captain, whose efforts to amuse us, seconded as he was by the pretty and vivacious 'widow,' were entirely successful. The 'General' also, a noble specimen of the gentlemen of Tennessee, proved himself a most agreeable travelling companion, and endeared himself to our little society by his urbanity, cheertfulness and fund of amusing and interesting anecdote. Among our passengers was, moreover, the celebrated ELIZA LOGAN, probably the finest actress now on the American stage, who has acquired a most enviable popularity, not only by her great professional talent, but by her charms of conversation and her estimable reputation as a lady. She chants the 'Marseillaise' in a style that would delight its author. One who wishes to realize for an instant what death is, should listen to her enunciation of the last words of the refrain of this celebrated composition; if he can repress a shudder, he is something more or less than man. Accompanied by my old friend BUTTERFIELD, who had joined us at Memphis, I landed at New-Orleans, and proceeded forthwith to the Saint CHARLES Hotel. At this great tavern AMOS expected to meet his wife, who had arrived from California, to rejoin him after a three months' separation. I never have seen a man so nervous. He rode on the outside of the coach with the driver, that he might obtain the earliest view of the building that contained his adored one. It was with great difficulty that I kept pace with him as he 'tumultuously rushed' up the step leading to the Rotunda.

In an instant he was at the office and gasping 'Mrs. BUTTERFIELD.' 'In the parlor, Sir,' replied DAN, and he was off. I followed and saw him stop with surprise as he came to the door. In the centre of the parlor stood Mrs. BUTTERFIELD. That admirable woman had adopted the very latest and most voluminous style; and having on a rich silk of greenish hue, looked like a lovely bust on the summit of a new-mown hay-stack. BUTTERFIELD was appalled for a moment, but hearing her cry 'AMOS,' he answered hysterically, 'My AMANDER!' and rushed on. He ran three times round Mrs. BUTTERFIELD, but it was of no use, he could n't get in. He tried to climb her, but the hoops gave way and frustrated the attempt. He extended his arms to her; she held out hers to him; tears were in their eyes. It was the most affecting thing I ever witnessed. Finally Mrs. BUTTERFIELD sat down, and AMOS got behind the chair and kissed her, until their offspring, by howling and biting the calf of his leg, created a diversion. They were very happy, so were the people in the parlor. Every body appeared delighted; and a small boy, a year or two older than little AMOS, jumped up and down like a whip-saw, and halloed 'Hoop-ee' with all his might.

'BUTTERFIELD,' said I, an hour or two later, 'I suspect that Mrs. BUTTERFIELD has adopted hoops.'

'Oh! yes,' answered he, 'I saw that sticking out. Perhaps it will obviate the little tendency she had to 'blow up.' I'm glad of it.'

'I have taken room No. 3683 in this establishment, and am a looker on in Vienna. To be sure my view is that usually termed, 'the bird's eye,' but I am getting a tolerably good idea of things. I should like very much to attend the ordination of Brother BUCHANAN in March next, and hear the Russian Minister preach, but I fear it will be impossible.

'You will hear from me when you receive my next letter. Respectfully yours,
JOHN PARENTX.'

WE are sorry that we called our excellent lady correspondent a 'strong-minded woman,' since the sense, as she observes, might be regarded as 'ambiguous.' Such was not *our* thought, however, when we used the term:

'WHEN I sent you an essay last spring, you were pleased to call me a '*strong-minded woman*,' and really I did not know whether to be flattered or offended, for that adjective, as usually applied to *women* at the present day, is a *little ambiguous*. There are some who are called strong-minded women with whom I should consider myself complimented by being associated; and there are others with whom I should scorn to be classed. However, I do not know as I was ever called by my friends or acquaintances strong, either in body or mind, prior to that time, nor but once subsequently, and that was on the seventeenth of last July, when I clung in a very uncomfortable position to a plank full three-fourths of an hour, floating about in Lake Erie. You doubtless remember that it was on that day the 'Northern Indiana' was burned.' I was among the passengers, and on the stern of the boat, and of course, to avoid death by fire, must plunge into the water. On rising again to the surface, I grasped a rope, thrown by a friendly hand, and was drawn to a plank, on which I, together with four others, sustained myself and floated about a mile, as we were afterward told. My companions then called me '*strong-minded*,' because of what they were pleased to call my courage and presence of mind; but certainly I saw no reason to be frightened, or to feel otherwise than hopeful, and even so far as our own case was concerned, cheerful, when we had a plank to rest upon, and saw boats coming to our aid. But I can assure you I felt strong in body, for notwithstanding my arms ached excruciatingly, I thought I could have held on

for hours if necessary; though when we were taken up by a small boat from the propeller 'Republic,' I found myself so exhausted as to be unable to raise a hand. We were taken to the steamer 'Mississippi,' and there I formed some acquaintances that I never shall forget. Just as the glories of the sun, when he himself has passed from us to brighten other lands, reflected back upon the lowering clouds of evening, transforms their gloomy visages into images of beauty, as bright and glorious as the skies of Heaven; so the remembrance of those acquaintances shines on the gloom of that terrible day; and will ever shine through the dark vista of coming years, illuminating every cloud that hangs along the darkening sky. I think I must mention particularly Dr. J. R. BIGELOW of your city, to whom I send greeting, (for I doubt not that he reads the KNICKERBOCKER,) and Mrs. JACOB HOWARD of Detroit, who very kindly took me to her own state-room and provided for my wants with a sister's care.

'AND she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.'

'WORDSWORTH says *almost*, I say *quite*; for I am sure there is a place occupied in my heart, that before was vacant. By-the-way, how much, how *very* much there is in the *manner* in which a kind office is performed. The acquaintances I have mentioned, acted not only as though they commiserated the condition of the sufferers with whom they were surrounded, but as though those sufferers had a right to any assistance which it was in their power to give, as really as though they had been their own mother's children. How different such benevolence from that accompanied with the express understanding that it *is* benevolence, or from that whose object is the praise of the world, or farther, that prompted by romance.

'I have often regretted that I did not observe more particularly the sailors in that small boat, so that I might always remember them. One night, a short time since, I fell asleep with this regret on my mind, and Memory, loosed from the bonds in which the senses held her, took me upon her pinions and flew back to that scene, placed me in the bow of that boat, sitting upon a coil of rope, and leaning against the boat's side, surrounded by fellow-sufferers, all clothed like myself in dripping garments. The sailors were all in their places, and I saw them very distinctly; and one of them, with sandy whiskers and sun-burnt face, turned and looked at me with just that peculiar expression of countenance that he did on that memorable day, when I was weak and womanish enough to '*cry*' because they would not heed me, but took me first from that floating plank, when I felt sure I could retain my hold better than my friend could his. So memory, blest memory, gave back in sleep what the mind failed amid the excitement of that hour to grasp! At least I am quite sure I should know that man of the full blue eye, sun-burnt face, and sandy whiskers. I am sure it was not imagination, but memory pictured that scene for me, for I turned in my dream to the friend who was rescued with me, and exclaimed: 'I thought I had forgotten these sailors, but their countenances are as familiar as your own.' I know no better cure for a misanthrope than to pass through such a scene as that; when he will not only feel that all mankind are brethren, but that they acknowledge that brotherhood in the time of need, even at the risk of their own lives. Ah! and he will find there is a warm, soft spot which he knew not of, far down in the depths of his own frozen heart, that will send up a stream of love and sympathy that will overflow in deeds ere he is aware. If not,

'WHAT kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand,
What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
Shall e'er dissolve the crust in which his soul
Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?'

'For my own part, my respect for human nature was materially augmented at that time; for I saw so much less selfishness, and so much more self-sacrifice, even before I left the burning boat, than I had any idea would be exhibited on such an occasion. Before me lies the July number of the KNICKERBOCKER, which floated in my basket upon my arm, through all that perilous voyage upon the gang-plank; but notwithstanding the trying ordeal through which it has passed, I think it will do to bind.

'But I have occupied this whole sheet with reminiscences of the 'Northern Indiana,' when I intended to have written of 'strong-minded women.' I believe it is universally acknowledged, that when a woman's tongue is once set to running, there is no knowing when or where it will stop; and I suppose it is not strange that it should be so with her pen, since it is but a substitute for that member.

'HARRIET N. GOFF.'

Such 'strong-minded women' we like! - - - We 'cry mercy' of the Boston 'Watchman and Reflector.' We were not unaware, when we jotted down our 'learned' notice of the review of '*Der Biblischen Psychologie*' of DELITZSCH, in the '*Christian Review*' for the October quarter, that theologians use, 'and often use, language that to common readers seems barbarous.' We know that they do:

'We know what such afflictions mean,
For we have felt the same.'

We are not ignorant of the fact, also, as stated, that 'questions of this sort are frequently discussed, that are neither interesting nor intelligible;' and that they not unusually 'contain sentences of which none but a trained metaphysician could hope to make any sense.' That's so: but why should it be so? Why put up 'No admittance' on dead walls, through whose cracks nobody can peep, and rough board-doors, at which nobody would knock, unless something, of some kind, was supposed to be seen inside? We want to learn. 'Education,' says the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' 'is the creöwnin' gleöry of the United'n States'n:' and he farther exclaims: 'How hard it is to write good!' Now if you want to 'write good,' write plain, so that 'he that runs may read,' if he wants to read, and not run away, if he don't want to read at all. But our entertaining friend of the Boston '*Evening Traveller*' daily journal has taken up the cudgels for us: and he is a staunch defender. He says:

'We confess ourselves to have been astounded when we were accused of describing a very respectable and learned German scholar as a shallow pedant, because we had merely copied a facetious paragraph from the KNICKERBOCKER. It would seem that the muddiest intellect could not fail of discovering that the KNICKERBOCKER's paragraph was a confession (discreditable to no one save learned theologians and perhaps the editor of the '*Watchman and Reflector*') that the editor of the KNICKERBOCKER knew nothing of the subject in question; but with more honesty than some editors we wot of, he writes a notice of the learned article, affecting perfect familiarity with its subject and abstruse phraseology, but by witty comments inserted here and there, intentionally exposes his real ignorance, and thus most effectually satirizes the stilted notices of less honest critics, who hide their own ignorance by a free use (implying familiar acquaintance) of these abstruse and technical phrases. We hope the editor of the '*Watchman and Reflector*' will be at the trouble of a little closer analysis before assuming again the post of universal censor. He should be careful, too, in his use of unfamiliar weapons. We are compelled to warn him, that in such an attempt, his weapon will be likely to do execution at the nearest end.'

The '*Watchman and Reflector*' returns to the charge; whereupon our doughty champion of '*The Traveller*,' after quoting the notice of the Hon. A. D. BACHÉ's '*Annual Report of the United States Coast-Survey*,' in our February number, addresses those learned editors in the ensuing terms:

'FOR fear that the Defender of German Theologians from the attacks of the secular press should nod and overlook this second lapse of the KNICKERBOCKER's and the *Traveller's* morals, we take especial pains to bring it to its notice. The same indignation and zeal which it manifested when Dr. DELITZSCH and German Theology were attacked, we shall now look for in behalf of Prof. BACHÉ and outraged science.

'An Eastern fable relates the story of a criminal who was brought to an executioner to be beheaded, and who, after waiting patiently for some time, asked the Oriental JACK KERCH, who stood by with his thin-bladed sword, why he did not do his duty. 'Shake yourself,' said the Mussulman. The criminal did so, and his astonishment may be imagined when he saw his body roll one way and his head another. If the '*Watchman and Reflector*' does not see the point of the above extract, we would suggest that it proceed to 'shake itself.'

Seriously: one of the most learned of the later English writers of renown, (speaking though, we think, after DRYDEN,) says: 'It needs all we *know* to make things *plain*.' Therefore, with *knowledge*, cannot this *be done*? 'and if therefore,' as BUNSBY says, '*why not*?' Also: is it not *possible* for a '*Christian Review*,' or even a '*Watchman*' and a '*Reflector*' to assume the possibility of a harmless pleasantry? - - - Right glad to hear again from 'H. P. L.' We thought he had lost sight of us:

'DID you ever hear the way DEERFIELD won his wife?' asked WILDHOSS, shutting up his right eye, opening his left very wide, and sending out a cloud from a fragrant Cabañas.

'No, never. I expect you ask me, so that I may ask you, 'how?' and then have you 'sell' me in some sweet way, but it won't work. Now, how do you feel generally?' asked RASH TROTTER.

'Tolerably, I thank you. Your intense wide-awake-ativeness is wrongly exercised this heat; nobody wants to 'sell' you any more than they'd want to buy you. The question was a fair one, and as you've never heard the story, I'll 'norrate' it (as there is a lesson, if not a moral in it) especially for your benefit. You know, RASH, that your early education was shamefully neglected, particularly your lessons and morals. Now DEERFIELD won his wife with an Ace —'

'WILDHOSS, you are going to contaminate me with an awful card story; is this the way you teach morals? Fejee Islanders and all that sort of thing gambling for wives. Whew!'

'Did you say gambling?' asked WILDHOSS, earnestly; 'I thought you left off punning years ago, at least I hoped so.'

'There you go again! Always making me a scape goat for your sins.'

'Couldn't find a better one; those broad shoulders of yours can carry a load for six. Take it easy, and now I'll commence on DEERFIELD and the way he won his wife with an Ace —'

'That's right,' eagerly interrupted TROTTER. 'But has n't she played the Deuce with him since?'

'O TROTTER! where is the shame
That SALLY once saw in your face?
If you keep making puns at this rate,
You'll certainly die in disgrace.'

broke out WILDHOSS hurriedly.

'A banjo for the Improvisatore!' called TROTTER, delightedly, but noting the cloud that lowered above his brow — real genuine *Flor de Cabañas* smoke, he lit 'one of them,' and winking to WILDHOSS, said tersely: 'Propel! no more interruptions.' And our 'norrater' went in and onwards.

'DEERFIELD won his wife with an Ace; and a noble woman she is too, whole-souled, whole-hearted, and as independent as bricks. One of the women you read about — not in tag-rag and bobtail, cotton-velvet and spoon-food novels, but in history!'

'How could you read her story in his-story?' asked TROTTER, calmly as flowers at set of sun.

'In the house of Time there is but one story, a kind of exchange where heroes and heroines associate promiscuously,' answered WILDHOSS quickly, thus scorching TROTTER, who at once wilted into silence, and *then* WILDHOSS began in earnest.

'It would give me pleasure to describe BETSEY NORTON to you, but I remember a tale about throwing *margaritas* *anto porcos* —'

'A tale about MARGARET's aunty's pork-house? Oh! do let's hear it. You're such a — of a fellow for telling stories. Go on!' entreated TROTTER.

'About throwing pearls before TROTTER's, I should say,' continued WILDHOSS; 'so that I need only tell you that she was very handsome and very lively. When she first came to quiet old Tubbsville to spend the summer with her uncle and aunt NORTON, her arrival caused as great an excitement as a run-away match, a house on fire, or a burglary. The fact that she at once took to riding horseback, instantly caused an earnest brushing and dusting of divers old pig-skins, neglected girths, and mouldy bridles. DIE VERNON, if you must die, was the order of the day among the girls of the village, and the boys assisted them. At sun-set Love Lane was nearly choked up with horses and mares — the riding mania was at its height. Soon it was rumored that old Mr. NORTON had a boat on the river, and BETSEY NORTON was seen one bright morning pulling a pair of oars right stoutly as she rowed up stream to a bed of water-lilies, and wove one of those chaplets the gentleman in the song requests should not be 'gaudy.' The girls would have entered on this field too, but they looked at the boat and they looked at their hands, and concluded that the wear and tear to the latter would n't compensate for 'taking her down' in this pursuit, so BETSEY the boat-man carried the day. Her next agony was walking, and she turned out, rain or shine, with thick English walking-shoes, at sun-rise and sun-set, doing her twelve miles a day easy. Quite a number of competitors at this exercise, but she tired them all out, and at last threw them into convulsions, by appearing one morning on her walk with a light double-barrel gun of her Cousin DICK's slung over her shoulder, and her Blenheim spaniel at heel; it's of no consequence to you or me, RASH, to know that the gun was unloaded and continued so that morning, or that her spaniel did n't know a wood from a weather-cock; it is enough that this turn-out convulsed the other girls with envy, and delighted BETSEY, who was then very young, and very full of life and roguishness. And so, year after year, with the leaves and birds of June, she came to Tubbsville and staid until they left. Of course she always had all the admirers she wanted, and some to spare, but then you know it's human nature —'

'Did I hear some body groan or growl, sob or sigh?' asked TROTTER.

'No you did n't, my boy. I was n't in that boat. But to advance: among all the spoon-bills who 'attentionized' Miss BETSEY commend me to a dear little duck named DRAKE, who wore a bit of glass in his left eye and a piece of black ribbon attached as a badge of mourning for his supposed loss of sight; he was a radiant

youth, not of the *jeunesse dorée*, but rather gilt-brass stamp; wrote grass-hopper poetry, the kind you know that jumps from tomb-stones to daffodils; smoked a segar as if it were a very solemn thing, and was — will you believe it? — right well liked by BETSEY. He played the guitar and sang 'Queen of my Soul' to her, making an ass generally of himself; but the boy throve and his chances for winning BETSEY were admirable, had it not been for one DEERFIELD, a nephew of old Mrs. NORTON's, who suddenly planted his foot in Tubbville, forever overthrowing little DRAKE's pretensions. The exact opposite of DRAKE, he was a man good to look upon: tall, stout, handsome in person, and courteous yet plain in his manners. You could n't help thinking as you looked at him and BETSEY NORTON, what a well-matched team they'd make.

'Soon after DEERFIELD's arrival he received an invitation to attend a small evening party at Mrs. NORTON's, and during the evening found that *tableaux vivants* were to be given representing, according to 'despotic custom,' brides, (favorite character among young ladies, nothing like rehearsals!) sultanas, (fine chance to meditate over 'them old Turks' of husbands,) queens, (contemplating a despotic sway over their future lords,) maids of honor, (———,) also the usual desperate male characters, corsairs, and so on. The best tableau of all was that in which BETSEY NORTON appeared as 'The Queen of Hearts;' the dress was admirably in keeping, and were it not for her beautiful face, you would believe she had just stepped out from a gigantic pack of playing-cards, in fact was on the card; for her Cousin DICK, in order that there might not be any mistake, had caused the white screen behind her to be brought close up, and a little ways over head, in one corner, hung a huge red pasteboard heart. The illusion was complete, winning the hearty laughter and applause of the entire company. When the curtain which concealed this tableau was first drawn aside, DEERFIELD noticed little DRAKE busy handling a pack of playing-cards that were lying on a small table in one corner of the drawing-room, and saw him quickly draw out a card; noticing which one it was, DEERFIELD's eyes radiated with joy, as, unseen by DRAKE, he walked over to the cards and hastily running them over, picked out another card and followed DRAKE, who, walking toward the tableau, bowed gallantly and presented the King of Hearts to the young man in charge of the curtain. He at once held it up to the audience, and the joke taking a merry round of applause, was given to little DRAKE, old Mr. NORTON laughing very heartily at the ease with which he had 'won that trick.' But presto! before the words were hardly out, DEERFIELD presented the Ace of Hearts to the young man who held the King. Holding the Ace high above his head, so that all might see, the company gave themselves up to renewed laughter and applause, declaring that DEERFIELD had fairly won the Queen of Hearts and taken down the King.

'Months after this, when BETSEY NORTON and JACK DEERFIELD were an 'engaged couple,' BETSEY told JACK that his quickness in taking little DRAKE's King had first won her to think better of him; and that one day with another had her belief grown and strengthened that his was the ACE OF HEARTS destined to take her QUEEN OF HEARTS through the game of life.'

And he 'served her right.' - - - We 'old folk' should be somedele careful what promises we make to our little people. Our wee 'Five-year Old' looked up this morning from the rug before the sanctum-fire, where he was 'spreading himself,' engaged in the examination of a pictorial work of Natural History, and startled us with the question: 'Fader, will you get

me my little live Hip-im-pip-im-potimus and Elephant, next time you go to New-York? You *said* you would! I want 'em to sleep with me, like the little gray pussy.' Can it be *possible* that we *did* say last night, when the little fellow was sitting on the rug, with the picture-book between his knees, that we would make such a purchase? If so, it was *extorted* from us by importunity, while we were busily engaged in writing, and cannot be held as 'binding!' Keep an infant hippopotamus and a juvenile elephant! to sleep with, too! Impossible! It is as much as we can do to keep a cow, to 'wat the bairnie's mou.' - - - How many hearts are literally and truly 'thrilled' at the announcement of the recent death of Dr. ELISHA KENT KANE! So young; in the very zenith of a fame world-wide; bearing all his honors so meekly; and dying from causes which have made his memory *un-dying*: perseverance, intrepidity, benevolence, accumulated knowledge—all banished by the more than Arctic touch of the cold hand of DEATH—the pale messenger, who has beckoned him silently away. But what a name he leaves behind him! Surely, what the country, (and not *ours* alone,) feels toward him, the tender regard, aside from national admiration, must assure his immediate relatives, fellow-officers, and friends, that he has neither lived nor labored in vain. It is so short a time since, in two numbers of this Magazine, that we made Dr. KANE's great work the subject of elaborate comment, that we need add no word to what we have already said, in relation to his preëminent merit and his lasting renown. Peace to his honored remains! - - - ONE pleasant spring morning, some two or three years ago, we were chatting with our friend and correspondent, Mr. SPARROWGRASS, at his place of business, then adjoining the ASTOR-House, when there entered a tall *distingué*-looking person, with a frock-coat buttoned to the throat, a self-possessed air, and quite the bearing of 'a man of the world,' as such are sometimes estimated (and ticketed) now-a-days. After a courteous salutation, he handed to Mr. SPARROWGRASS what seemed to us a rosary, divided into the requisite sections by large beads. 'Can you tell me what *those* are?' he asked. After examining them for a moment, 'By the mass, I cannot tell,' quoth Mr. SPARROWGRASS. 'Can you, Sir?' asked the distinguished visitor of 'Old KNICK,' 'Fore Heaven, Sir, we are both in a case: we also are 'mainly ignorant.' They *look* like ornaments from the end of a rattle-snake's tail.' 'No, gentlemen, *those are Corns and Bunions*, cut by me from the feet of the very *élite* of New-York society, of both sexes!' And he proceeded to designate lovingly those 'specimens' which had come from the most fashionable quarters, including several very fine ones from the Fifth-Avenue. There was a revision of 'first impressions:' and the elegant chiropodist, nobody in the store being 'corned,' was respectfully bowed out. We are reminded of this scene by the following most laughable article which we find in an old volume of that most various and excellent work, *Littell's Living Age*, where it appears under the head of '*Corns, Peerage, and Syntax*:'

'THE London '*Spectator*' refers to a long list of testimonials which a Mr. LEVI, of 'corn-cutting' celebrity, parades in the newspapers, and publishes some of these certificates for the edification of the common people. We are amused jointly with

the '*Spectator*,' with the style and syntax of some of them, and will introduce them to our readers for the sake of their peculiarities. First in the list is the testimonial of the DUKE OF CLEVELAND:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI has entirely cured my corns.

CLEVELAND."

"Concise as CÆSAR," remarks the '*Spectator*,' and curt, lordly, and dogmatic enough, say we, in all conscience. Nevertheless, it is direct and explicit; and as a specimen of composition, unobjectionable. It says all that it was necessary 'CLEVELAND' should say, and it says nothing more. Next certifies the DUKE OF LEEDS:

"I CONSIDER that Mr. LEVI is a very clever operator for corns, as he has extracted several very painful for me this morning, without the smallest pain. LEEDS."

'The cleverness of the 'operator for corns' is here made apparent by the alliterative Hibernicism, that he has extracted several 'very painful for me this morning without the smallest pain.' Whether they were painful that morning, or were extracted that morning, or whether they were painful that morning without pain, the noble DUKE's syntax leaves in some ambiguity. Next comes the testimonial of an Archbishop:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI extracted the corns which were in my feet without giving me any pain.

JOHN G. ARMAGH."

'The dignitary is 'scholastically particular in his tense,' but for want of punctuation, we are left in doubt whether the corns were in the Archbishop's feet, without giving him pain, or were extracted without pain. The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE rivals the DUKE OF CLEVELAND in conciseness:

"MR. N. LEVI extracted a corn from me with perfect facility and success.

'LANSDOWNE.'

'But while 'acknowledging the corn,' the MARQUIS declines saying *where* he was corned. Not so the EARL OF MARCH:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI has extracted corns from my feet without the least pain. MARCH."

'The EARL seems to say that Mr. LEVI experienced no pain during the operation. Lord SIDNEY attempts the diplomatic style; but blunders into saying outright what the EARL says, by perhaps forced construction:

"'LORD SIDNEY certifies that Mr. LEVI has extracted a corn from his foot with great skill and without pain. SIDNEY.'

'It might be quite right for Mr. LEVI to experiment on his own foot, and for Lord SIDNEY to certify that he had done so skilfully; but how he could certify that Mr. LEVI suffered no pain, is beyond our comprehension. Sir CHARLES BURRELL's certificate is the last, and as a composition, is remarkable:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI eradicated several corns and a very troublesome bunion from me twelve months since; from all of which I continue to be entirely free and without pain. C. M. BURRELL."

'In other words, the happy Baronet continues to be quite free 'from those corns and that bunion which were extracted twelve months since,' and without pain from the absent or destroyed excrescences. We humbly conceive that paying a chiropodist in such coins is at best but a small business for EARLS, MARQUESSES, ARCHBISHOPS, and BARONETS; and are sure that it would be unsafe to certify that the aristocratic gentlemen have a respectable knowledge of syntax.'

Uncommon good 'Aristocratic English' that! - - - The *London Times* of a not far backward date, contained a long and able article upon certain '*Newly-Discovered Letters of Boswell*,' the great JOHNSON'S Biographer. Their discovery, as stated in the preface to the volume which contains them, is curious: 'A few years ago a clergyman, whose name is not given, having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of a Madame NOEL, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection, a date and some names were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence carried on nearly a century before, between the biographer of Dr. JOHNSON and his early friend, Rev. WILLIAM JOHNSON TEMPLE. A still further inquiry ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper, but beyond this no information could be obtained. The whole contents of the parcel were immediately secured, and it was found that the majority of the letters bore the London and Devon post-marks, and were franked by cotemporary and well-known signatures.' '*The Times*' pronounces these letters of BOSWELL *genuine*, beyond all peradventure, and that 'a contrary hypothesis is simply incredible.' The letters extend over a space of nearly forty years, from 1758 to 1795, the sum of BOSWELL'S existence after emerging from the state of boyhood. The earliest are written when he is but eighteen, and the latest when, at the age of fifty-five, he lies unconscious of his danger on the bed of death. These epistles are 'BOSWELL all over.' They do not exactly *reveal* that he was a mean toady, a conceited coxcomb, an envious sneak and sycophant, for that was well known already; but they enlighten us as to the other qualities of a drunkard, a gambler, and a *roué*, in which characters he was generally counselling the steady exercise of 'all the virtues' by his correspondents. In concluding its long and exceedingly interesting review, '*The Times*,' among other remarks equally forcible and just, has the following:

'THESE letters, which we are now able to accept as genuine on *external*, as well as internal, evidence of their authenticity, do not reveal any new phase of his nature, though they bring out his foibles in a stronger light by a series of painful and ludicrous details. His distinction from other men equally weak was already familiar, and it is illustrated here as it was illustrated in his *Life of Johnson*. Vanity and candor were his chief characteristics amid his numerous faults and his few virtues, and of these his candor exceeded even his vanity. Other vain men may have thought as he did, but none that we know of have published their thoughts with such simple *naïveté* and such open self-enjoyment. BOSWELL, as a booby, has had many rivals, but he alone remains supreme as the most conspicuous and transparent of booby kind. On his own showing, he is the prince of boobies, and by his own exertion he hangs aloft, a lantern of absurdity in perpetual illumination. . . . The waxen BOSWELL received the impress of the ponderous JOHNSON, and preserved it monumentally to the gain of all posterity. And posterity will not forget that it owes him a debt of gratitude. Though he was a booby unparalleled, a fickle swain, an irreclaimable toper, a sinner given to sack and uncleanness; though he had no more firmness than a jelly-fish, and no more consistency even of outward aspect than a chameleon; though he had the vanity of a Scotch peacock, which we take to be the proudest biped in creation; and though he had the supreme folly candidly and laboriously to set forth these qualifications to the world, so long as the English language endures he is nevertheless a great public creditor. He was shallow and debauched, he was the most ridiculous of mortals, but there is no doubt that he was the best and most successful of biographers.'

